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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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SEPTEMBER 1920

The English Review—England in Europe
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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1923.

England in Eclipse

THE events of the last few weeks have uncovered to the world a condition of English impotence seldom paralleled in the history of this island. It was bequeathed to the present Government by Mr. Bonar Law as the result of his fatal decision to abdicate from the dominant position in the councils of the Allies and resign the initiative to France. There could be little hope of escape from the logical consequences of such a false step. The one and only chance was that Mr. Baldwin would frankly admit the mistake of his predecessor, for which, of course, he was not responsible, and decide boldly, by ranging himself with M. Poincaré, to regain the ground we had lost.

He has thrown this away in the vain attempt to satisfy all parties, with the inevitable result that none is satisfied, while the Government has lost much of the prestige which promised to ensure for it a long term of power under a Prime Minister to whom even his opponents accorded an exceptional measure of confidence and respect.

The verbosity of Lord Curzon's Note of August 11th was only matched by its acidity. It was calculated to precipitate a diplomatic dilemma, from which this country could only hope to emerge, without suffering a most humiliating rebuff, by the grace and greater wisdom of the Government to which it was addressed. The inept iteration of the word " impartial," the questioning of the " legality " of the occupation of the Ruhr (a weak position already, we hope, abandoned), and the cheap sneer about the impossibility of ascertaining Germany's capacity to pay " by cast-

ing up the amounts which her creditors would like to receive," were in the worst possible taste, and utterly uncalled for. We believe that M. Poincaré will score yet another diplomatic victory by ignoring these undignified pinpricks and confining his reply to those fundamental considerations upon which alone a solution of our common problem can be based.

The case for associating British policy in regard to reparations with that of France has been presented in this REVIEW in a dispassionate and severely practical aspect. The problem is almost as grave as the war itself. It may be stated in two words—reparations and security.

Let us take first reparations.

It is admitted that, both by the laws of war and of morality, a vastly greater sum is due than there is any question of demanding, or possibility of obtaining.

We have reason to believe that the Reparations Commission first considered the possibility of assessing the reparations payable by Germany at as high a figure as £25,000,000,000. More moderate counsels soon prevailed, and their first award was between eleven and twelve thousand millions. After much "exploration" and many conferences, this was reduced to £6,600,000,000—to which figure the French still officially adhere. In January last Mr. Bonar Law proposed settlement on the basis of £2,500,000,000. In an article published in this REVIEW in June the figure £3,000,000,000 was suggested as likely to prove a feasible compromise. It was shown that if this were funded, with interest at the low rate of 3 per cent., it would be extinguished by sixty-five annual payments of about £105,000,000, including sinking fund. When it is realised that this is approximately the amount now levied annually upon the population of this country by the beer tax alone, a population of, say, 45,000,000 against 70,000,000 in Germany, no words need be wasted to prove that it would be easily within Germany's capacity to pay. She would indeed be let off very lightly. It must be borne in mind that before half of the period of payment had elapsed Germany's wealth and productivity would, in the natural course of events, have been doubled, while her population would probably have been increased by 50 per cent. The tax, therefore, even if somewhat onerous in the

early years, (and why not?), would become progressively lighter with the increase of population and wealth.

If Mr. Bonar Law, instead of weakly standing aside and allowing the French to proceed independently with the occupation of the Ruhr, had insisted upon the mutual acceptance of some such sum as £3,000,000,000 as the condition upon which, failing agreement by Germany, this country would have joined France in the most drastic measures, prompt compliance would have been forthcoming from Germany, and we should almost certainly have kept in accord with France. In the worst event we should have preserved our initiative, and subsequent compromise could, if necessary, have been arrived at far more easily than is possible now.

It is suggested, probably with truth, that the difficulty is accentuated by the fact that, anxious as France undoubtedly may be to secure reparations, she is yet more anxious to gain security against another and possibly fatal attack. Is this cause for wonder? Would there be any reasoning power or a spark of patriotism left in France if this thought were not uppermost in the mind of her people?

In the space of little more than a generation France has seen herself twice within an ace of national annihilation by an enemy who has made, and makes still, no secret of his determination to exercise superior brute and scientific force to accomplish his purpose. She was hoodwinked by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George with a promise of a defensive alliance which, like most of the promises of those statesmen, dissolved into nothingness when it had served their purpose of facilitating a Wilsonian or a Lloyd Georgian "settlement." Even by England she has found herself left in the lurch. Conscious, therefore, of her vital needs, her moral rights and her own strength, and with the inestimable advantage of a leader who knew his own mind, she took the only possible course open to her of proceeding, in conjunction with Belgium, to enforce those rights by the one method which, after the disappointments of four years, offered any chance of success. In doing so France claims that she has acted in strict accordance with the treaty which she was induced to sign, largely upon the strength of promises which her Allies have failed to make good.

Amidst the maze of conflicting views, which have succeeded only in making confusion worse confounded, plain men would do well to seek the light of common sense. Let us set aside all considerations of military victory, of indignation at brutal outrage, and of apprehension of its repetition, and let us then ask ourselves whether any private individual would submit to an indefinite postponement of his right to enforce judgment against a debtor, when that debtor throughout a period of four years (and notwithstanding the remission of one half of his judgment debt) had employed every trick of the fraudulent bankrupt to evade payment?

If, moreover, it were abundantly clear that not the capacity, but only the will, to pay were lacking, and that the energies and resources of the debtor were being strenuously devoted to preparations for the day when, having whittled down his liability to a negligible minimum, he could commercially overwhelm his creditor, how many Englishmen with sufficient capacity to run even a village shop would be content indefinitely to allow the defaulter to strengthen himself at their expense? True that in the case of a bankrupt with several creditors there might for a time be differences of opinion both as to capacity to pay and the right moment, or the best methods, to apply pressure.

In the case of Germany, however, that moment has long passed. In 1921 the British Government, which included Mr. Baldwin, and representatives of all political parties, including Mr. Asquith and Mr. Clynes, agreed that it had arrived and that the Ruhr should be occupied forthwith, failing an immediate settlement. There is no longer either the slightest ground for doubt as to Germany's capacity to pay such a sum as £3,000,000,000 over a long period of sixty or seventy years. (The period for liquidation of the funded British debt to America is sixty-two years.)

There remains only the absurd contention that the occupation of the Ruhr must destroy Germany's means of payment. So long as it lasts in its present form (the result of German resistance) obviously it must in a large measure have this effect, but such, temporarily, is the usual result of extreme measures in bankruptcy, pending the settle-

ment which it is their purpose to effect. No conceivable term of payment by Germany is likely to last less than fifty years, and the whole machinery of German production could be re-established within three or four months, once a settlement had been definitely effected. The gymnastics of the mark are mere illusion, deliberately produced by the subserviency of a weak, incompetent and dishonest Government to the most sinister enemies not only of European peace, but of their own capitalistic class, Stinnes and his fellow conspirators.

If we turn now to the various pronouncements of those representative leaders, or exponents, of public opinion, to whom a patient (or perhaps apathetic) people is wont to commit its conscience, and if we coldly analyse their purport and cancel out their mutually destructive assertions, we shall discover little, if anything, to challenge the substantial soundness of the contentions here set forth.

The Englishman who has probably done his country and Europe the greatest disservice by the expression of ludicrously fallacious views with a pontifical air of authority which, for a while, hypnotised half the world, and most unfortunately our politicians, into the belief that Germany could never pay any appreciable part of her just debt, is Mr. J. Maynard Keynes, that sturdy champion of every country but his own.

Mr. Keynes addressed a letter to *The Times* which suggests that hard facts are beginning to force him to a glimmering of realities. It is hardly a generous recognition of Mr. Baldwin's effort to perpetuate the policy of which Mr. Keynes was, for a time, the best advertised exponent.

> Mr. Baldwin is feebler than we hoped; M. Poincaré as unbending as usual . . . . in the last event he (Mr. Baldwin) has no sure means at his command to influence France.

Mr. Keynes, with his strange inability to grasp simple economic facts, states that " the Ruhr is fed by the rest of Germany at great expense," as if this were a national and permanent condition, and proceeds to draw the absurd inference that M. Poincaré would be utterly nonplussed if the ten million inhabitants of the Ruhr threw up their hands and said, " We will do whatever you desire, but feed us. What would M. Poincaré do then? "

That is a poser which may safely be left to M. Poincaré. As an economist of the Lloyd Georgian persuasion, Mr. Keynes evidently conceives that doles from Paris would necessarily be substituted for doles from Berlin. We imagine that the population of the Ruhr, under the gentle encouragement of more practical Frenchmen, would soon prove self-supporting.

After somewhat contemptuous references to the "strong, silent man of Downing Street's" determination to go on *talking* "because he has no idea what to *do* next, when once he stops fooling," Mr. Keynes proceeds to formulate his own ideas of the action required.

> If we wish to defeat M. Poincaré . . . . we must break the Entente, encourage Germany and fix up new diplomatic combinations. This is what Mr. Lloyd George would probably do if he was in power now. . . . . I would offer to France—not because I like it, but because if one is to play at all at the great game of world politics one must fling big stakes on the table . . . . if France were to agree to evacuate the Ruhr and to fix the German liability at fifty milliards, to cancel all Inter-Allied debts and to allow the claims of the other Allies absolute priority over our own.

Failing acceptance by France,

> Great Britain should withdraw her troops from the Rhine and leave France with no aid or sympathy from Great Britain to work out her policy to its bitter conclusion, and require payment of France's debts to Great Britain up to 100 per cent. of France's receipts from Germany.

Mr. Keynes concludes this valuable contribution to the dilemma for which his own fallacious reasoning has been so largely responsible by attributing the desperate situation to the lack of strength and wisdom of British foreign policy for five years past.

> M. Poincaré holds nearly all the cards. Unless Mr. Baldwin is more of a man of action than he has shown himself so far, he hasn't a dog's chance.

According to Mr. Keynes, therefore, Mr. Baldwin is a broken reed, and Great Britain having rushed in where German angels fear to tread, and settled up with America in full, must forgo all claims on her Allies.

If this brilliant solution, translated into prosaic terms of taxation, were submitted to the British elector, we opine that Mr. Keynes's reputation as a super-economist would shrivel into dust.

Our next witness shall be Mr. Asquith. Speaking on August 9th at Cambridge, he admitted that there were some who held that "if we had thrown in our lot with France Germany would long since have capitulated." This he described as "pure speculation," but proceeded to the further admission, hardly surprising in view of his declaration in 1921, that

> the objection was not that it was illegal or immoral, but that it was impolitic and calculated in the long run not to accelerate but to retard the payment of reparations. The German Note of two months ago gave some faint encouragement to the belief that the question could be settled on reasonable terms with adequate guarantees.

We have expressed the view that this Note, described by Mr. Hoover as "a triumph for M. Poincaré," gave, in fact, substantial encouragement which should promptly have been seized upon by our Government. Mr. Asquith's term "faint" is, however, interesting as additional justification for French scepticism after five years of futile delay. His admission, as an ex-Prime Minister, a lawyer, and a man who weighs his words, that the French action is "neither illegal nor immoral," cancels a great deal of nonsense.

The only serious attempt which we have seen to analyse juridically the grounds of the charge of "illegality" was that of Sir John Simon in two long letters to *The Times*. As might be expected from a lawyer of his ability, his analysis was exhaustive, and it is possible that upon a strictly legal interpretation of the Treaty he may have proved a technical breach. But, if so, it could only rest upon a *reductio ad absurdum*. It would be impossible to prove, as has been constantly alleged, that there is anything inherently illegal in the occupation itself. Clearly we, who contemplated it at an earlier date, then considered it legal. The French contention that the words "and in general such other measures as the respective Governments may determine to be necessary in the circumstances" include the step they have taken, is, to say the least, more tenable than the contrary view.

Any protest based merely on the interpretation of this clause must fail and, therefore, should never have been made. But, if Sir John Simon has proved a breach at all, it is only on the ground that France has acted without the

sanction, not merely of the principal belligerent Allies, but of all the "Associated Powers" named in the Treaty, twenty-seven in number, including such pillars of civilisation as Haiti and Liberia.

Should we, in like case, have waited until Lord Curzon had exchanged Notes with the possibly obstructive Governments of all these States?

At the only juncture when the point could reasonably have been raised at all, namely, when France correctly informed Mr. Bonar Law of her intention, he, on the contrary, gave his blessing to her enterprise, although, on purely material grounds, he was doubtful of its success.

In a leading article dealing with Dr. Cuno's defiant speech, *The Times* says:

> The real significance of the speech lies in the admission that the hopes based upon England have failed;

and further,

> It is not altogether a disadvantage that, *as it now appears*, they (the views of the British Government) have caused disappointment in Germany . . . these illusions have had a stupefying and paralysing effect in Germany.

The leading financial journal in Germany, the *Börsen Zeitung*, put it shortly:

> Mr. Baldwin robs Germany of all hope of speedy interference by England.

Before his departure for America Lord Birkenhead contributed an article to the *Daily Mail*, to which we turned with some hope of discovering a policy. After referring to the "undignified and absurd position reached by the Prime Minister and his colleagues," Lord Birkenhead, however, failed to indicate any policy but that of withdrawal of our troops from the Rhine and our representative from the Reparations Commission, in order to leave a clear field to France to succeed or fail, with the implication that, if she fail, it is strictly her own affair. He pungently condemned the course of reading lectures to France, "who is immovable," without the least idea of the next step when, as was only to be expected, she ignores our admonition.

> They have exasperated France while encouraging Germany, and they have gone very far towards destroying the Entente without regard to the earnest wishes of the British nation.

We wonder whether Lord Birkenhead has any very clear idea as to what those wishes are. They certainly do not lie in the direction of an ignominious withdrawal from the Rhine and the Reparations Commission, a course which would be received with dismay in Germany, derision in France, and the contempt of the world.

Lord Birkenhead's inability to offer any serious constructive criticism is revealed by his attempt to show that all would have been well if only the Coalition policy adopted and carried on by Mr. Bonar Law had been followed. What precisely this policy may have been does not appear. We are led expectantly to the very brink of revelation and disappointed :—

> Mr. Bonar Law declined to join in entering the Ruhr because he did not approve of that step, but he was most careful to insist that the disagreement would not lessen the friendly relations, etc. . . . He conducted the discussion with his usual tact and good humour—and the policy he formulated was at least intelligent and lucid.

* * * * *

(Our intelligence is unfortunately unequal to deducing a policy from the five succeeding asterisks.)

Apparently, according to Lord Birkenhead, this policy did not survive Mr. Bonar Law's resignation and was succeeded by one that was " neither intelligent nor intelligible." We remember that Mr. Bonar Law expressed some pious views, but a " policy " implies a plan of action which there is a definite intention to carry out, and Mr. Bonar Law's resolution unfortunately fell far short of anything so unpleasantly decisive.

Lord Curzon, in the House of Lords, was careful to repudiate any imputation that the Government possessed a policy.

> If the question (what are we going to do next week or next month?) be put now, I do not know, I cannot answer.

If the Government really had a policy, Lord Curzon might have been fully justified in refusing to disclose it at that stage, but the only possible inference is that they had none and had put to sea without a rudder or even any idea of what port they hoped to make.

In the last number of this REVIEW we published a representative collection of the views of leading bankers and financiers in America, which showed a general

consensus of opinion as to the necessity of adopting strong measures with Germany, including control of her finances. If space were available, we could fill pages with quotations from the English Press which indicate a remarkable development of doubt as to the wisdom of their recent denunciations of French policy. One must serve as example, and we have selected the *Sunday Times* because that journal has hitherto strongly and consistently opposed French policy.

In its leading article of August 12th the *Sunday Times* asks:

> Should we have done better to have sided definitely with France, to have marched with her into the Ruhr, and to have shortened the agony by an overwhelming display of solidarity? Should we do better even now if we followed her lead and seized productive assets in Germany as she has seized the Ruhr?

The *Sunday Times* does not yet answer this question in the affirmative, but, significantly, it refrains from a direct negative. It suggests as the only, and apparently not very promising, alternative a possible marshalling of opinion against the economic waste of French policy, in the hope that fear of isolation and pressure of world opinion might bring about evacuation of the occupied areas.

> It is easy in general terms to define what a pro-British policy should be, but it is a thousand times more difficult to say where and how it can be applied.

A week earlier already Mr. Baldwin was recommended in the same journal to stiffen his demand to Germany that passive resistance should cease, while control of Germany's finances and security for France against further attack were admitted to be essential, and the present trouble was ascribed largely to Mr. Bonar Law's weakness.

Similar hopeful signs of returning sanity have appeared in many quarters, and although not all of the harm done by the fatal mistakes of the past few years can be made good, it may be not yet too late to avert the worst consequences of the catastrophe wrought by the weakness of our successive Governments.

While most of its critics agree upon the necessity of substituting action for talk (with an extreme economy of constructive suggestions), the Government still pins its faith to the broadcasting of its correspondence with a view to the influencing of world opinion.

It is a common error to regard world opinion as a

magically homogeneous distillation of infallible rectitude, whereas, in fact, it is mostly either fluctuating and fickle, sentimental, partisan, or too disinterested to grip essentials. We believe that its many discordant voices will no more deflect M. Poincaré from his fixed resolve than the hysterical fulminations of Mr. Garvin and others, which we refer to elsewhere, will be taken seriously in England.

We have purposely devoted most of our space to a statement of the divergent views which the present deadlock has evoked, because we believe that it is precisely owing to the diversity and confusion of such views, and to the inability of any British statesman to follow one straight, strong course, which has lost the game to M. Poincaré, who, knowing exactly what he wants and how to get it, has his nation behind him. We believe that Englishmen, finding themselves to have been so badly served by their leaders and realising, as now they must, that they have been played into balk, will do some hard thinking in order if possible to extricate themselves from an ignominious position. That position has been, not unfairly, we believe, described above. It was necessarily a humiliating and perhaps tedious recital. We will try briefly to indicate the only means of retrieving it.

First, let us say that the initial mistake was not to have taken drastic military and economic measures immediately following the Armistice. The Armistice, indeed, should never have been granted except upon such terms, by which it is now plain that Germany herself would have gained enormously. That mistake having been made, and many subsequent opportunities having been lost, we hold that the most unpardonable error was committed in January last by Mr. Bonar Law when, without any remaining shred of excuse for further paltering, he weakly shirked his obvious duty by refusing to stand by M. Poincaré. Had his nerve not failed at that critical moment, we have no doubt but that, just as Germany would probably have hesitated to rush into the war with the certainty of British resistance, so she would have quailed before the United Allies and come to terms in time to avoid the occupation of the Ruhr.

Finally, we hold that if Mr. Baldwin had taken his courage in both hands at the time of the German Note of June 7th and stated terms upon which, failing

prompt compliance by Germany, he would join France in the most drastic measures, both German compliance and French agreement (however now perhaps reluctant as the result of our previous mistakes) would have been secured. Each failure has rendered our position more difficult and our chances of successful intervention smaller.

Further interminable investigation of German capacity to pay, with the assistance of eminent delegates to the League of Nations from Haiti and Venezuela, would be ridiculous, and the French would never agree to it.

The French and Belgians are morally justified in their action; they are in possession, and they alone are strong enough to insist upon their own conditions. We are not, a fact which, rightly or wrongly, makes all the difference.

If we thought that the ultimate peace of Europe depended upon the preservation of the German Reich intact (a proposition which, to say the least, is arguable), we should have intervened before France began to see visions of an independent Rhineland Republic and a separate Bavarian State, with a shrunken and comparatively impotent Northern Germany. Now, our sole business is to obtain monetary reparations and as far as may be to secure peace in Europe. We can only do this by agreeing with France a minimum net sum after probably more generous adjustment of her financial obligations to us than would have been necessary six months or a year ago, and pledging ourselves to proceed with her to enforce payment by Germany, not merely by joint occupation of the Ruhr, but, if necessary, of Berlin. In addition, we must establish an effective allied control in Berlin of German finances. We must also give such guarantees to France of mutual defence as will remove the nightmare of another German attack for a couple of generations.

Nothing short of such a policy will at the same time solve the problem and preserve our prestige. It would, with magical rapidity, restore both that mutually desirable trade which is being sacrificed by the present deadlock, and that full tide of German competition the temporary absence of which seems to be causing so much concern in some quarters. The alternative is that this country will lose its hitherto premier position in the world, with a very poor chance of recovering any useful proportion of the debts and reparations which we have relied upon to meet

our obligations to America. It would be but a poor and remote consolation that France, possibly fired with Imperialistic ambitions as the result of her single-handed success, might ultimately overreach herself and finally be overwhelmed by a German-Russian alliance. What of England then?

21st August.

We are unfortunately compelled to go to Press before the publication of the French Note already in the hands of our Government. Comment upon anticipations, however intelligent they may prove to be, is hardly worth while, when, before these lines are read, the Note itself, and possibly even the British reply to it, will have been published.

Our own confident anticipation is that in the logical presentation of his case, point for point, and fact for fact, M. Poincaré will prove to have been more than a match for Lord Curzon: and that in the manner of its presentation he will maintain a dignity and, probably, a magnanimity in abstention from cheap debating points, which will heavily discount any of the credit which it was hoped to gain by the British Government's naïve broadcasting of a bad case to an unsympathetic world. As we have shown elsewhere, a large section of our Press has hysterically attributed to M. Poincaré the intention of establishing a military domination of Europe. Strange to say, their only proposals, alternative to French policy, have been such as would inevitably smash the Entente, the only conceivable foundation of peace in sight, and plunge Europe into a war from which, owing to the folly of our post-war Governments, France alone could hope to emerge victorious.

If our anticipation be correct, M. Poincaré will shatter these illusions and prove once again that only a strong man, who knows how, and is not afraid, to use his strength, is capable of coping successfully with a perilous crisis.

At the same time, we believe that his French perspicacity will not allow him to sacrifice the substance for the shadow. If, having made his demonstration of force (in our view absolutely justified), he does not seize upon the solid advantages to be derived from an early agreement with Great Britain on the basis of our offer to charge the available fund of reparations only with the amount required to meet our debt to America, we shall be greatly surprised.

Current Comments

The Eyes of the Navy

THE refusal of the Government to place the aerial arm of the Royal Navy under the control of the Board of the Admiralty can be only provisional; for the Prime Minister promised to give Parliament an opportunity for discussing the whole matter upon its reassembling in the autumn. In the report of the Sub-Committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence, upon which the Government based their decision, the case for Admiralty control was not presented, and a compromise with regard to details was recommended, which violates the principle of unity of command, and which in practice must fail. It is as essential that the aerial arm of the Navy should be an integral part of it, as that the gunnery or torpedo branch, of which the aerial arm is merely an extension, should be wholly naval. Aircraft are required in the Navy for two purposes. One is for reconnaissance, or scouting. The other is for attack. Without its proper complement of airships and aeroplanes the Navy is blind, and partly defenceless against attack from the air. In order to fulfil their duties, officers and men must have been trained in the Navy and must possess the knowledge of the naval seaman, which can only be acquired by education in the Navy, beginning in youth. As to the art of flying itself, nine naval officers in ten can learn to fly in a few weeks or months. The mystery with which the Air Ministry surround aviation is largely fictitious. Both the Navy and the Army must be given the separate and complete control of their aerial branches. The Air Force was originally created by robbing the Navy and the Army of their proper auxiliaries. If an independent Air Force be necessary—which has never been proved—let it remain; but that it should be allowed to dictate to the senior Services is intolerable and a danger to the national security.

Seeing Red

MR. A. G. GARDINER, late editor of *The Daily News*, has been expounding some views on the Ruhr in *John Bull* which we imagine must have greatly surprised most of the readers of that usually patriotic journal.

Mr. Bonar Law broke with M. Poincaré because he knew that the Ruhr invasion would end reparations. M. Poincaré stands for the dissolution of Germany. If Germany ceases to exist as a State it is obvious that no money can be got out of her.

Far from "ending reparations" the Ruhr invasion has brought them appreciably nearer. The delay has only been accentuated by British failure to support France, construed by Germany into our intention to oppose France. In any event, why should the dissolution of Germany as a State render impossible the recovery of reparations? The German people would not be dissolved into thin air, nor their resources, their factories, or their will to live and to work. An independent Rhineland State, for instance, could pay proportionately as much as if it remained a part of the German Reich. We do not advocate any such dismemberment of Germany, but merely wish to show that Mr. Gardiner claims too much. He proceeds to argue that the French aim at the control of the coal, iron, and chemicals of Central Europe:—

Then they will be the economic dictators of Europe. They will be able to exploit the Continent from Paris and divide the world, as they admit in their franker moments, with the United States. There will be only two great iron and steel Powers in the world—France and America. This country will be reduced to a side show, hammered between the millstones of the great Monopolist Powers.

The French may or may not entertain such grandiose ambitions, but why should we be worse off than if the same iron, coal, and chemicals remained under German control? Does Mr. Gardiner suggest that by comparison with the French the German is a mere child at industrial organisation? That while we have nothing to fear from German competition we shall be utterly crushed by the terribly superior Frenchmen? Any business man would ridicule such a view.

Mr. Gardiner sees very red indeed when he speculates about M. Poincaré.

He has resumed the *rôle* of military dictator which drenched Europe with blood under Louis XIV. and Napoleon. Europe will be a seething cauldron and the industry of this country will perish!

Lord Rothermere will soon be screaming "Roll France in mud and blood!"

We venture the prediction that France, the dragon in the path which is such a nightmare to Mr.

Gardiner, will prove to be not such a very ferocious monster after all, and is indeed more than likely to help us to extricate ourselves from an undignified predicament.

De Valera

THE arrest of De Valera at Ennis, and two days later of Eamon Donnelly, the Republican political organiser, at their headquarters in Dublin, came as a surprise to many people, but the opinion generally expressed is that the Government could hardly leave these men out of jail and keep the other thirteen thousand Republicans in. It was suggested at the time that the result of the Ennis arrest would be to turn many votes to the Republican candidates, and, with the object of making the most of the situation, the Republicans immediately rushed another fifty candidates into the field. To a careful student of Irish psychology, however, it seems that this exhibition of firmness and disregard of consequences is more likely to make a good impression, quite apart from the direct political advantage of having De Valera muzzled. This advantage is not to be underrated. The Irish who would wallow in the high falutin' twaddle of Valera and some of the other jailed Republican fighters will think twice about voting for a party whose only visible apostles are a bunch of shrieking old women dressed like something out of the comic papers.

The Free State Elections

THE Irish Free State Parliament was formally dissolved by the Governor-General on August 9th. Since December the Oireachtas, as the Parliament is called, has passed over forty Acts of one sort or another, the principal being the Constitution, the Land Act, the Damage to Property (Compensation) Act, the Public Safety Act, the Electoral Act, and the Defence Force (Temporary Provisions) Act. All these legislative efforts have been closely modelled upon those of Great Britain. This imitative flattery is apparent in other directions also. A Keltic cross which has been erected in the grounds of Leinster House to the memory of Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith is called a Cenotaph, the Post Office is selling fifteen and sixpenny war savings certificates, and general officers of the Free State Army who were engaged in

stabbing the Allies in the back from 1916 onwards are laying wreaths on the graves of Unknown Soldiers.

The last day for nominations to the new Dail was August 18th, and the polling on August 27th. It will be the first Free State House of Deputies to be elected pursuant to the Constitution and will consist of one hundred and fifty-three members. Under the Constitution every man or woman of the age of twenty-one or over is entitled to be registered as a voter in any district in which they have resided for the previous six months. Estimates of the probable result of the election under the Proportional Representation system are necessarily highly speculative in character. It seems certain, however, at the time of going to press, that there will be a majority consisting of the present Government, Farmers, and Independent members, and an Opposition comprising the Labour members and (in the unlikely event of their taking their seats) the Republicans. It is expected that the Majority will command from ninety to one hundred and ten seats out of the total number, and that these will be divided among Government, Farmers, and Independents in the ratio of 4 : 4 : 2 or perhaps 4 : 3 : 3. In other words, the present Government will retain office, but only with the goodwill of the Farmers and Independents, to whom it will have to make substantial concessions both in the way of portfolios and in the matter of its legislative programme.

A State-aided Revolt

THE Dockers' strike, now fortunately at an end, developed from a nuisance into a scandal. If they had been left to their own resources they could not have maintained for a month a revolt against their leaders, their union, and the public. The men had disqualified themselves for unemployment allowance, and it is safe to say that but for the rate aid many have received in the two notorious London boroughs of Poplar and Bermondsey the strike would have collapsed on the Thames as it did in the provincial ports. In both these riverside boroughs relief is granted on a scale which destroys any incentive to work. Strikers are classed with the ordinary unemployed and are

maintained on a level actually above the full wages of the ordinary labourer in more than one industry in the country. Thus in Poplar a man whose only occupation was encouraging his willing fellow-worker to remain idle might receive up to £2 2*s*. 6*d*. a week for himself and wife and five children, with rent and 1*s*. 6*d*. a week for coal in addition. In Bermondsey the docker in revolt against his employer and his union could get in cash and kind anything up to £2 12*s*. 6*d*. a week in respect of himself, his wife and five children. Many thousands of pounds a week were thus paid out. If the scandal ended there and with the misguided ratepayers of Poplar and Bermondsey, we might hope that they would learn sense before the next Council and Guardians elections. But it is a great deal more serious. Every ratepayer in London is made to pay. Under the Equalisation of Rates Act the finances of the other London boroughs are drawn upon to help support this relief of the revolters. The Poplar branch of the Municipal Alliance took advice as to the legality of the generosity that was being shown at the expense of the rates. It was advised that the payments were not justified, but could not get any satisfactory reply from the Ministry of Health. The Ministry does nothing and sits still under the gibe that it is afraid of Poplar. The half-hour spent by the Commons on the eve of the adjournment in getting four rowdy Socialists back into the House, without apologies, would have been better spent in compelling the Minister of Labour to face his duty to the community.

The Serpent and the Apple

Human nature throughout the ages remains obstinately unregenerate. Men (and women) are incorrigibly acquisitive, even if they do not belong to the classes tainted with the original sin of capitalism, but to the innocent proletariat who are supposed to be as free from it as their Mother Eve before she nibbled that unfortunate apple. The sad revelation was made the other day that even the Welsh miner's soul is not satisfied by the singing of those hymns in which Mr. Lloyd George delights to lead, but likes to have "a little bit on." But the backslidings of some politically minded Labour leaders are as much more

deplorable as their opportunities to fall from grace are greater.

M. Stambuliski, the late Premier of Bulgaria, cruelly murdered by his compatriots, was a man of the people, frequently quoted as an effective answer to Mr. Churchill's question, "Can Labour govern?" Somewhat arrogantly, he insisted upon his humble origin and refused to affect the graces and usages of the traditional ruling class. He was a living exponent of the doctrine of Government of the People by the People. He had no sympathy with capitalism. Yet, sad to relate, his untimely death revealed the fact that his political professions and his personal practice were strangely at variance. He had used his position as the unsophisticated peasant representative of the people to provide himself (at their expense) with a very substantial provision for a rainy day in the tangible form of bank-notes, bonds, and jewellery, worth some £70,000.

How shocking (or encouraging?) to Mr. Lansbury and the *Daily Herald* must be the news that the eight richest men in Russia, Trotsky, Zinovieff, Djerjinski, Rakovski, Krassin, Bogdanoff, Kourski, and Vladimiroff, are just the eight scoundrels who constitute that diabolically criminal conspiracy, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, which is at once the envy and the master of our British Labour Party. Some of these are reputed to revel in colossal fortunes which would make a Russian Capitalist of the old *régime*, or a mere British leader of Big Business, green with envy.

Egypt

In the course of the current month the first general elections of the new Egypt will take place. The first duty of the Assembly that is to be brought into existence is to select a delegation to confer with the British Government upon the permanent status of the country. In February, 1922, the British Government, when declaring the abolition of the Protectorate, outlined a scheme under which the Egyptians, in return for their independence, were to recognise by treaty Great Britain's right to protect the Suez Canal and to protect the rights of foreigners and minorities, while leaving the future of the Soudan for later negotiations. There is a considerable

mass of undefined public opinion not yet crystallised, but it appears that the rivalry at the polls will be between the Liberal-Constitutional followers of Adly Pasha and the Nationalist supporters of Zaghlul Pasha. These are grouping into two camps: the Adly viewpoint being that Egypt, to obtain her place as "an independent, sovereign State," should make concessions to Great Britain, while the Zaghlulist war-cry is as uncompromising as at the time of the Milner boycott—no compromise, a free and independent Egypt. Britishers returning from Cairo do not look on the situation hopefully. The years of agitation which followed the war were responsible for the growth of very extreme opinions. The terrorism resorted to by the irreconcilable Nationalists was as effective in preventing any backsliding of leaders into the paths of moderation as it was in removing so-called stumbling-blocks to liberty. The fear is that an Assembly will be created which will hold that there can be no independence while there is a foreign army in Egypt, even though its mission be limited to the guarding of the Suez Canal trade route, and while the protection of native minorities remains in the hands of a foreign country. Unfortunately we see no signs of practical programmes for home government. All the talk is of high politics; the band of educated Egyptians called upon to fill the administrative posts left vacant by the Britishers, who in forty years transformed chaos into order, are steeped in hysterical polemics. We are reliably informed that if the Egyptian Assembly rejects the independence terms our Government is willing to concede, then the position will revert to what it was in February, 1922, which means that Great Britain will be faced by a hostile Egypt and will either have to let the Egyptian Government govern the country or govern it for them.

After Ireland, Egypt. If we make a similar surrender, following upon our amazing capitulation to the Turks, dare we hope that such an advertisement of our loss of power to govern will pass unnoticed in India?

Death Penalty in Time of War

By Major J. B. Paget

DURING the late war I happened to be stationed for a considerable time on the lines of communication. One of the returns which reached me weekly was a descriptive list of English and Colonial deserters. There was nothing confidential about this return, which was issued to the police and others who might come across deserters.

I was so surprised to notice that the percentage of Australian deserters was about four times that of the English that I tried to find out the reason, and came to the conclusion that it was owing to Australia having no death penalty for desertion.

In the New Zealand Forces, on the other hand, they having the death penalty, the percentage of deserters was even smaller than the English.

The Canadians at the beginning did not have the death penalty and had a very large number of deserters. They then brought in the death penalty, and their percentage sank to the same as the English.

No physically finer troops ever crossed the seas than the Americans who came to France. I saw no figures as to deserters, so what I say about them is only hearsay and not evidence; but I was credibly informed that at the end of the war they had a very large number of men in a state of desertion. America never inflicted the death penalty.

I think the above brief facts are enough to show that the death penalty is a very great deterrent, and that if the Australians had had it, their percentage of deserters would in all probability have been no greater than that of the New Zealanders. They were stout troops, men of the English race, enured to hardship, of splendid physique, living for the most part an outdoor life, and every man a volunteer. I will not go so far as to say that one volunteer is worth three conscripts, but the former are without doubt on the average more formidable as fighting men.

This year a motion was brought up in Parliament to abolish the death penalty in time of war, and was voted for by a number of well-meaning Members of Parliament.

They did not do so, I feel sure, as a vote-catching proposition, for they probably know as well as I do that the soldiers themselves are in favour of the death penalty. Soldiers did not like the feeling that those who ran away would, if apprehended, only go to England, where the discomfort was infinitely less than in the trenches, and that their sentences would be re-examined and commuted; for although not pardoned nominally they were practically, there being no men now serving terms of penal servitude for desertion in the late war. Those that stay risk their lives and at the same time do the deserters' work.

What the strain of trench warfare is cannot be realised except by those who have experienced it. I will try to give an example of what even the finest troops really feel.

During part of the war my wife, who is French, was in Upper Savoy, the district from which the Chasseurs Alpins are recruited. These supply the guides for Mont Blanc, and the Germans themselves have stated they were second to none of any of the troops who opposed them. My wife was attending service in the village church one day and the priest in his sermon stated that practically all these men told him in confession, when on leave, that there was nothing in this world they would not give to avoid returning to the trenches, except their honour. This fine division was eventually almost wiped out. Now if troops of that calibre feel like that what must average troops feel? Unless, therefore, a punishment can be devised, more certain and terrible than the chance of death in the trenches, the percentage of deserters must be high, even with the best of troops. When we come to troops like the Russians, individually brave men, but poorly organised, as in the last war, the death penalty is absolutely necessary. When Kerensky abolished it the Russian army melted away like snow before a summer sun.

The only possible alternative to the death penalty would be flogging for the first offence if the moral of the army was high enough at the time to justify it.

Going from the subject of desertion to that of a soldier sleeping on his post, it is probably not generally known that in the South African War roughly some eight hundred men were killed through sentries who should have been watching over them sleeping on their posts. No soldiers as far as I am aware were executed for this grave military

crime. If the first two or three had been executed, it is very unlikely that the others would have slept, and some hundreds of lives would have been saved.

I have been on Courts Martial myself where men have been convicted for sleeping on their posts, and in every case the Court had great sympathy for the convicted man because it was proved that he had not had time for sufficient rest before going on sentry. This happened to be the case with the men I helped to try, but naturally it was not always so. I should, therefore, like to see the rule brought in that every man should, if possible, be allowed six hours' rest before going on night duty.

The death penalty is not inflicted as vengeance on the man but as an example and warning to others. The fullest publicity should be given, therefore, to every execution; to my personal knowledge certain commanding officers, when information reached them through divisional orders that an execution had taken place, merely said, "How horrid!" and did not publish it in regimental orders. The men under them were consequently not informed as to what took place in case of desertion.

The death penalty, of course, applied also to deserters in England. Some tried to avoid service at the front, and some to enlist in another corps and draw a second bounty. Many men were able to do this with impunity, but if every officer and man had the impression of his finger tips taken, identification would be possible within forty-eight hours.

Turning from soldiers on active service to the civil population, it is interesting to note the effect of the death penalty on criminals convicted of murder. The United States with a population of 110,000,000 has, roughly, some eight thousand murders a year. Of those convicted of murder only a certain proportion are executed.

In the British Isles the death penalty has hitherto been inflicted upon the great majority of convicted murderers. With a population of some 46,000,000, not more than about 200 murders are committed annually. The unwritten law and brain storms cut little ice with a British jury. The facts I have adduced clearly establish my contention that the death penalty is necessary in time of war—my sole purpose in writing this article. It would appear to be no less necessary as a deterrent to homicidal crime amongst the civilian population.

Bill Grimes his Soul

By Rolf Bennett

"Bill Grimes could have wrote a book on prison life in almost every country," said the seafaring man as, with his little finger, he pressed down the tobacco in his pipe. "And he was a proper hard case, I tell you. Salted, he was, and no mistake. There wasn't a port from London to Callao by way of East that he didn't know.

"Now one day Bill Grimes got killed. He was walking along the deck when a block fell from the main-t'-gallant yard and flattened him out. It finished Bill all right, and when they picked him up he was a bloody corpse. He hadn't been hanged, shot, garrotted, knifed or guillotined, but just killed by a falling block. Think of that! A man like Bill Grimes dying what you might almost call a peaceful death. And after the life he'd led. Well. . . .

"So the mate fetched out the log-book and found the date and wrote under it, 'William Grimes, A.B., accidentally killed. Lat. 53. Long. 80.' And that's all there was to that. They sewed Bill up in a canvas bag and put a couple of lumps of pig-iron at his feet so's he shouldn't rise before his time, and then they read some prayers over him—they read 'em quick because there looked to be a squall coming up from the sou'-west and the old man was in a hurry to shorten sail. So they give him a shove, and 'plop!' overboard goes Bill. Fathoms deep he went, down among the slime and the fishes.

"Now, although Bill was dead and the mate had wrote it in the log all proper and correct, Bill didn't know he was dead. So when he opened his eyes down there under the green sea, he still thought he was Bill Grimes. Which, of course, he wasn't, being only the soul of Bill Grimes, y'understand. But he'd never had no religious education, or, if he had, he'd forgotten it. Otherwise, I suppose, he'd have knowed he was only a soul and behaved according.

"Well, Bill was a bit puzzled at first, as was only natural. He'd been in some mighty queer places in his time, had Bill, but never in one like this before. There was no sun or wind or clouds, but only a pale green light, something like moonlight; and there was all sorts of fishes, big and little, sailing around in it and staring at Bill in a way that made him feel uncomfortable.

"'This is a blamed funny country,' says Bill—for, as I've told you, he didn't know he was dead—'wonder how in hell I got here?'

"Well, while he was casting around trying to make out his bearings, just as you or I might do, he suddenly catches sight of a man sitting on a keg. He was the queerest looking man that Bill, alive or dead, had ever seen; for he wore a bandana handkerchief round his head, and a black patch over one eye, and big seaboots that came up to his thighs, and a pair of wide, loose breeches. And he had a sash round his middle with two pistols stuck in it and a rusty cutlass.

"'Hello, you!' says he, cocking his one eye at Bill.

"'Hello yourself,' says Bill.

"'Where do you come from?' asks Black-patch.

"'The brig *Nancy Bell*,' answers Bill. 'Though how the devil I got here, or where I am, I don't know.'

"'Oh,' says the other, 'you're down among the Dead Men, that's where you are.'

"'But I ain't dead,' says Bill.

"At that Black-patch starts to laugh. A holler, mocking laugh that would have made Bill's flesh creep if he hadn't been a spirit without any flesh.

"'If you're not dead now you never will be,' says he. 'We're all dead down here; every mother's son of us.'

"'Dead!' cries Bill.

"'Aye, dead, mate, dead.'

"Well, that brought Bill up with a round-turn, as the saying is. It wasn't what he'd expected, not by long odds, and it was enough to upset any man. Try it yourself. How would you feel if you, thinking yourself to be alive, was told you were dead? Well, there you are.

"'Why, then, I'll never draw no more pay, nor ever see the land again,' says Bill, more to himself like.

"'Never no more, mate, never no more,' sings out

Black-patch. 'That's all astarn of ye now. You're down among the Dead Men, mate, so cut it adrift, cut it adrift,' and he laughs that holler, dead laugh that was worse than a groan.

"'Come, come, mate,' says he, seeing Bill's mournful look, 'cheer up, for you've fallen among mighty good company. There's Sir Henry Morgan and Captain Kidd and Admiral Teach—aye, and hundreds more and worse. This way, mate, and step lively now.'

"So Bill, not knowing what else to do, follows the man with the black patch over his eye, till they reaches a sort of cave.

"'What's your name, mate?' says Black-patch all of a sudden.

"'William Grimes,' says Bill.

"'Rating?'

"'A.B.,' says Bill.

"'Right, now we'll go in,' says Black-patch. 'But,' says he, shaking a skeleton finger at Bill, 'take heed, mate, and clew up your jaw tackle. Don't speak till you're spoken to—not yet.'

"So they went inside, and Bill was surprised to see how big the cave was. In fact, it was that big he couldn't see the end of it, nor yet the sides. And everywhere he looked there were men throwing dice and playing cards and tossing coins and gaming in all the ways that were ever invented. Most of them were smoking, all were drinking, and Bill knew from the smell it was rum hot.

"Well, they were a queer crowd, for some had handkerchiefs round their heads and big seaboots on their legs like the man with the black patch; and some had canvas petticoats and some had rusty breast-plates; some had their hair done in tarry pigtails, some had it long and matted, and some had it short. And there were one-eyed men and one-legged men and one-armed men. There were men of all colours; white, yeller, black and brown, and they sat on kegs or lay on the ground, as the fancy took them.

"'Sound the bell,' says someone all of a sudden.

"Black-patch went up to a big ship's bell. It was hung above the foc's'le of what looked to be the wreck of a very ancient ship, all covered with barnacles and seaweed. He

strikes it three times with a hammer, and at the sound everyone stops gaming and drinking. Not a man moved.

" Before the sound of the bell had stopped, the door of the foc's'le opened and out come the strangest looking figger of a man that Bill had ever seen. He was ten feet high and he had a hooked nose and long, yeller teeth and eyes like little balls of fire, and a horrid grin that made Bill shiver. He climbs on to the foc's'le head, does this queer-looking figger of a man, and sits him down on a big keg. And after him comes a funny little joker with horn spectacles and a brown wig that kept canting to one side of his head. Then he picks up the hammer, does this rum little joker, and strikes the bell with it once.

" ' Silence ! ' he shouts, although, mind you, no one was saying a word. ' Silence for His Grim and Terrible Majesty, Davy Jones ! '

" ' Who is the new member? ' asks Davy Jones in a voice that sounded like he was speaking through a megaphone a mile long.

" Then Black-patch pulls his forelock and does a sort of bow and scrape, and points to Bill.

" ' Name? ' says Davy Jones, turning his eyes on Bill so that Bill felt as if he was shrivelling up.

" ' William Grimes, A.B., your honour,' says Bill.

" ' Majesty—you should say Majesty ! ' shouts the funny little joker to Bill.

" ' Fetch the Log, volume four thousand and eighty-six,' says Davy Jones.

" Then two men came along with the biggest book Bill had ever seen, and the funny little joker started to turn over the pages.

" ' G—G—G—,' he mutters, swishing over the leaves. ' Grant, Graham—mum—mum—mum—Grimes—ah, here we are—Grimes, William, A.B. Born Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and eighty. That you? ' he says, looking over the rims of his glasses at Bill.

" ' Yes, sir,' answers Bill.

" ' What's his record? ' says Davy Jones.

" And then the funny little joker starts to read all the crimes and sins that Bill had ever committed, and it took some time to get through, I give you my word. When he stopped to turn over a page, Bill noticed that everyone

was looking at him in a pleased and friendly manner. He began to feel quite happy and longed for the moment when he could join the others with a glass of rum hot, a pipe, and a dice-box.

"'Fairly creditable record so far,' says Davy Jones, looking at Bill, 'but nothing to boast about, so don't get stuck up, William Grimes.'

"Then the funny little joker goes on reading:

"'Age thirty-two, guilty of mutiny and murder. Age thirty-eight——"

"He stopped dead all of a sudden, and a cold fear began to creep over Bill. Then, very slow and solemn, the little joker starts reading again:

"'Age thirty-eight, jumped overboard during heavy weather and saved a girl's life.'

"There was a horrible silence and Bill saw that everybody's face had changed, and instead of looking at him friendly like, everyone was scowling at him. And he sort of knew then that there'd be no rum hot, no pipe, and no dice-box for him.

"'Is that true, William Grimes?' asked Davy Jones in an awful voice. And Bill tried to lie, but the words stuck in his throat.

"'You're a vile impostor, William Grimes!' roared Davy Jones in a voice like a peal of thunder. 'Get you gone, you lubber, this is no place for the likes of you!'

"And then Bill felt a sort of jerk like and shut his eyes, not knowing what terrible things was going to happen to him. But at last he opened them again, and what do you think he saw?

"He saw a wonderful city all built of white marble. Yes, pure white marble; and the roofs were made of solid gold, and so were the streets. And everywhere there was beautiful angels in white dresses, flapping their wings and preening their feathers, or flying around as the fancy took them. There was music and singing the likes of which they have in churches.

"Now while he stood there blinking and wondering where he was and what had happened to him, an extra beautiful angel comes up and hands him a golden harp and a golden crown like what he'd often seen in pictures in Sailors' Homes. And then Bill knew where he was.

" ' William,' says the angel, ' welcome to Paradise.'

" And then Bill saw that this angel was the very little girl he'd jumped overboard to save. And he felt proper mad.

" ' Take your crown and harp ! ' says he, flinging them as far away as he could, ' I've no use for 'em. If it hadn't been for you,' he says, turning to the angel, ' I'd be with Davy Jones's boys, dicing and drinking rum hot ! '

" Well, Bill had no sooner said them words than a great voice said, ' If Paradise ain't good enough for you, Bill Grimes, you can go to Hell ! '

" And Bill went. Down he went to a place where there ain't no golden harps nor angels; no, nor dicing nor rum hot neither.

" And that," observed the seafaring man as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, " just shows you."

The New Forest

By E. L. Grant Watson

THE New Forest, like most other one-time wild places in the South of England, is in the process of being spoilt. It is rapidly changing in character from a wild mingling of heath and forest to a glorified recreation ground. This is no doubt inevitable and right, and those people who like to see and to feel the natural expression of the earth unadulterated by motor char-a-bancs, ginger-beer stalls, paper bags and orange-peel will have to look further afield. People who do not look friendlily upon hotels and advertisements, nor upon tarred roads, nor on enthusiastic entomologists smashing the young buds from the bushes, holding out beating trays for the reception of beetles and caterpillars, nor upon enthusiasts of other categories who suffer from the mania of collecting and slaying things, will soon have to go elsewhere.

This change that is taking place, if viewed humanely, should not be regretted, for it is all-important that men and women shall find scope for development, even at the temporary sacrifice of æsthetic appreciation. What as a race we lose is not to be weighed against what we stand to gain. But yet there is an excusable selfishness which *does* regret the forest of twenty years ago, when motor char-a-bancs were not, when the roads were yellow and red and not black, and when one could feel the presence of a wild stretch of country breathing with the still untroubled respiration of the past.

Even now there are one or two places, only one or two, which still seem half wild. There is one place in particular, I will not say where it is, but I have never met an entomologist there with his net and killing bottle; I have met no life more conscious than the deer. Here the fir-trees seem to have been forgotten by the foresters. They grow close together, crowding upon each other, and the fallen stems lie rotting upon the ground. Lichen in

grey beards and tufts clings to trunks and branches. The ground is bare save that the roots of the trees, those which are exposed on the surface, are covered by a thin, pale moss. In this wood the spring time is very silent. There are hardly any birds, only a few tits and gold-crests. The only song that one hears is the song of the cuckoo, and that comes from a far distance. There is a quiet gloom under the trees; little sunlight penetrates, though now and then I come upon a clearing a few feet in diameter, where a hawthorn bush will display, in a burst of solitary enthusiasm, its emerald leaves.

The only green plant which grows with any regularity amongst the fir-trees is the honeysuckle. In the shade, under the thick covering of pine-needles, it has a different habit from that which it has in the open. It hangs in delicate festoons, trailing in long lines down from the upper branches of the trees. Its bright green bunches of leaves are set far apart on the stem. The leaves sit in compact groups, springing upward, and remind me of butterflies' wings. Each tuft has an airy lightness, as if at any moment it might fly away. The long intervals of stem between the leaves are attenuated and woody, and at the base of each cluster of green are the dead leaves of last year, withered, brown and shrunken.

It is upon these trailers of honeysuckle far within the depth of the wood that I have found, in greater numbers than elsewhere, the larvæ of the White Admiral butterfly. These caterpillars hibernate through the winter. They are very small at the time of hibernation, and in the autumn they wrap round themselves the remnants of the leaf from which as young caterpillars they have taken their food. In this they remain all the winter. In April or late March they come out from their retreat and begin to feed on the young green leaves. They grow rapidly, and by the end of April are half their full size. By this time they are an attractive-looking caterpillar of pale green colour with pinky-brown tufts of spine. Even in this unfrequented wood they are by no means common and need searching for. The inexperienced eye would easily miss them. On the same sprays of honeysuckle there are also to be found another caterpillar which has always seemed to me to be interesting and attractive. It is a member of the great

tribe of Geometers. The larva of the lilac-thorn is a rich brown colour and has two fleshy horns on his back. He sits in a hunched-up position, folded twice upon himself so that his hind feet and his head lie close together. When sitting in this characteristic posture, he is extremely difficult to see and looks exactly like one of the dead and withered leaves that are attached to the base of every spray. These caterpillars are, indeed, so difficult to see that I have often had recourse to using my fingers as a surer means of finding them than relying alone upon my eyes. One can feel them when one cannot see them. This method also has its disadvantage, as they drop off at the least touch.

In this fir wood, which extends over a large area, I have often wandered for six or eight hours at a time. Here one can enjoy the silence and wildness which must, at an earlier date, have extended over the whole forest. Frequently in this solitude the deer have come to look at me. I have seen foxes and, of course, stoats, and various kinds of mice, but never in this particular wood have I met a man. It still lies far away from the tarred roads and the motor char-a-bancs. Long may it remain outside the range of the collector, who would like to put the caterpillars into confined wooden boxes rather than leave them hanging upon their airy sprays of honeysuckle in the quiet gloom of the fir wood.

The Cancelled Line

By Hudson Strode

As Farnsworth afterwards said, when one is invited to a supper party—even at unconventional Provincetown, where things out of the ordinary sometimes occur—one is hardly prepared for the event's turning into an informal announcement of the host's suicide—to be put into execution immediately after the departure of the guests. It is as if an invitation had been given and accepted under false pretences. How were we to know that Tennant Walmsley had asked the six of us to a sort of wake which was to celebrate, not the first hours of the death of the body, but the last hours of the living? I feel sure that he, at the beginning, had not intended to tell us. I think he just wanted some of the warmth of human friendship within touching distance to make the last evening a little more endurable. If Elsa Swanberg had not looked at him in that half-mocking and half-tragic way and made the remark about "Now no more the juice of Egypt's grape," most probably he would have slipped off into death without a murmur; in which case we should not have known until the next day, and George Farnsworth would never have told his story to challenge the statement that God has no power over the past.

About a mile out in the bay, almost directly in front of Walmsley's studio on the beach, there was at anchor a battered old maroon-coloured fishing craft of two masts —born and bred Portuguese she was, but after a fiasco and bankruptcy, New England-adopted. Just now she was having a fortnight's rest, while her captain and crew were making preparations for a voyage up Labrador way. One afternoon, at high tide, during the bathing hour, some of us rowed out in our swimming suits to have a close look at the old sloop. I remember our amused surprise in finding such a seasoned and sombre-hued smack, with its strong foreign and piratical flavour, bearing the ridiculously inappropriate and frisky name of *Jenny*. We went aboard, explored the deck regions, and even climbed down into

the dark triangular fo'c'sle with its eight bunks, four on a side, diverging towards the bow-point, and its narrow, heavy mess table built tightly around the mast pole. A single lantern swung from an overhead beam. "A jolly place for a party," someone said jokingly. Walmsley noted the remark. And it was here, on board the *Jenny*, in the hours between sunset and midnight on the following Friday evening that he spread the basket feast which for him had the significance of a "last supper."

The tide was almost gone when we were finally ready to put off in the two little boats; another few minutes' delay and we could not have made it—the beach was flat for a quarter of a mile out, and at extreme low tide one could walk as dry-shod as if one were treading an African desert. We got the three women into the first boat and sent them off with John Gaylor at the oars. His lovely, flower-like wife sat facing him; at her side was Mona Black, the playwright, with her cropped brown hair bared to the rufflings of the August breeze. Handsome, golden, Swedish Elsa Swanberg, placid and profound, whom someone had called the girl of silence, occupied the seat in the bow, carefully holding, wrapped up in a turquoise-coloured wool sweater, two quarts of Pol Roger, '02.

Walmsley and Farnsworth and I began packing the food-baskets into the other boat, and just when it was all ready Walmsley thought of something in the studio he had forgotten to attend to, and rushed away. At the same moment Farnsworth suddenly spied, sitting on a driftwood log, casually watching our manœuvres, a man and woman whom he seemed to think he recognised. He began to stare at them. The man, dressed in white shirt and trousers, with sneakers and no socks, was tall, slim, and dark. The woman with him, also dressed in white—a sport suit of some sort—had a bright, interesting, intelligent face, and a most genuinely sweet smile. They looked exceedingly happy. "By Jove!" exclaimed Farnsworth; and, jumping out of the boat, he went to speak to them. I was so much concerned with the loss of the tide that I did not notice Farnsworth's greeting. When he returned in a couple of minutes, he volunteered no information. The boat was beginning to sink in the sand. We gave a shout for Walmsley. He slammed the screen door of his

studio and took the steps at a leap. There was a distracted look of flight in his eyes, as if he were running away from something.

"What are you doing with a fire in your place?" cried Farnsworth. "There's smoke coming out of your chimney."

"And ashes, or soot, on your chin," I added.

"I just burned a canvas," Walmsley explained. "A portrait which didn't please me, because it didn't do justice to its subject—and I don't like to leave that sort of thing around." He began shoving hard at the boat.

It scarcely budged. I pushed with one oar and Farnsworth with the other. No good. "I'll have to take off my shoes and socks, and wade out to give it a start," said Walmsley, making ready to suit the action to the word.

"No," called a pleasant, deep voice close by. "There's no use for you to get wet. Get in the boat. Let me send you off." In a flash the tall, dark fellow had thrown his shoes off, rolled up his trousers, and was in the water, with his lean, brown, muscular arms taut in the shove.

I looked at his face; it was one of the handsomest I have ever seen—all-man, certainly, but with the features chiselled with artistic precision—the face of an idealist with a trace of the sensualist; an aristocrat of generations; and by his voice I knew he was a Southerner—a compatriot of Farnsworth and myself. He got us off all right, and it wasn't an easy job. "An attractive fellow," said Walmsley, when the man was wading back to join the sweet-looking woman on the shore. "And, God! how happy he looks!"

"Do you think so?" asked Farnsworth.

"Tremendously," we answered almost in unison, surprised at his tone. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I used to know him years ago, when he was a sort of melancholy chap."

"He looks as if he was in love now," I ventured.

The only result was a groan from Walmsley. "As if being in love made one happy!" he said grimly, under his breath.

Farnsworth and I looked at him in amazement. Then Farnsworth signed to me to take no notice; and there came to my mind the hinted story that Walmsley loved the wife

of his best friend; he was supposed to have returned only the day before from a visit to them in Boston.

Suddenly Walmsley's expression changed—his eyes glittered and he sat up stiff. "Promise me to be gay this evening—damned gay!" he demanded rather than begged. "And, to aid our festive mood, let's have a drink before we join the others. Good old Gaylor won't mind." He produced a thermos bottle of iced cocktails and put it to Farnsworth's lips. "A long one, George," he insisted. And then to mine. "Even longer, Saffold," he invited. He raised the bottle to his own mouth. A dark look swept over his face. "Remember," he said. "*Damned* gay." He tilted the bottle and drank deep. Then he began to laugh. An hour later, on board the old pirate-like ship, as the moon rose white and cool, we watched the brilliant topaz sunset pale to faint yellow, and finished our feast, sitting around a real linen table-cover spread on the rough deck, some of us on coils of rope, some on strips of tarpaulin, and Walmsley on the bare plank floor. The party had been "gay"—as gay with merry laughter and rich stories as any host could have wished—and the champagne gathering flavour there in the chill of a bucket of ice had not been uncorked. Only Elsa Swanberg had sat silent, and little smiling. She watched Walmsley's every movement and expression, as if she was groping for a something which she felt in its undercurrent, but could not quite grasp. Once, in passing her a caviare sandwich, Walmsley had rested the back of his hand against her knee, and I saw a momentary blaze in her sky-blue eyes; a tremor run through her. "I am cold," she said in even tones, reaching for the turquoise sweater and drawing it on.

When Marion Gaylor, snuggled up against her husband, declared that the night breeze was getting too much for her and that she was cold, too, Farnsworth suggested the fo'c'sle.

"Yes; the champagne's there," said Walmsley.

He and Gaylor climbed down the ladder first and we handed the women down to them. As George put his foot on the top rung to go down, I touched him on the arm and asked him in a low voice what was the matter with Elsa. He looked at me significantly, and said in a half-whisper, "Ye gods, man, she's in love with him. He doesn't even

know it. All the time he is tearing his heart out about his friend's wife. I knew a case once—if I only dared—— But we can't intrude into that sort of thing."

There was no oil in the lone fo'c'sle lantern, but the moonlight dropped a slanting rectangle of silver illumination through the door on to the near end of the mess-table, leaving the bunk spaces and the farther recesses in suggestive shadow.

Marion shivered deliciously with fright. "This is a terrible place," she said. "I'm afraid. It makes me think of knives and blood—and Portuguese ghosts."

"Let's call up the spirits," proposed Mona, placing her hands on the table in the proper attitude. "Dead men here ought to tell some interesting tales."

Gaylor thought that first we should all sing, "Yo, Ho, Ho, and a Bottle of Rum!"

Walmsley popped the corks and poured the champagne into white enamel cups. "The virtuous burgher and the epicure meet socially," commented Mona, laughingly.

We raised the cups and touched them, standing to drink our host—six moonlit faces, each smiling its own individual smile of the moment. Only six, for of Elsa nothing but a slim white hand and a blue sleeve was visible—the rest of her lost in the thick shadow of the mast-pole that ran up through the table.

"That your pictures may be the sensation of the world's galleries at the winter exhibitions!" toasted Farnsworth.

"Nothing matters except love," cried Marion. "I drink to your success in that!"

"And I to your long life!" her husband gave.

As Walmsley listened to them, the smile on his lips died away; his features became rigid, and he put up a hand to stop us.

"No," he said, "don't drink to those things—they're all too—commonplace: success and love and long life. Commonplace—and impossible. Drink to something rare—something better than everything else in the world—drink to oblivion. And I'll drink that with you."

Marion gave a little shudder. "Why, Tennant, how—how gloomy you sound!" But now he was smiling at her.

"So be it—to oblivion!" Farnsworth offered.

We drank to oblivion! All except Elsa. She put

aside the champagne untasted, and emerged into the rectangle of light, her eyes fixed upon Walmsley. "You have missed your cue," she said, with just a trace of mockery in that soft, even voice of hers. "Shakespeare has a nice line that you might well quote. Do you not remember? 'Now no more the juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.'" Her white face was drawn with pain. "Oh, Tennant, it is so ghastly—how can you go on with it? Why don't you tell them?"

The breathless tenseness of the moment that followed was stupefying. There was no motion, and no sound—nothing more than the silence of arrested breathing. Then Walmsley's fingers opened gradually and the enamelled cup he held dropped and rang out brazenly against some iron thing on the floor. There was a startled cry from Marion; and Walmsley, with a quiet gesture, said, a little thickly and just barely audibly, "Sit down, please, all of you." He was standing at the end of the table, Gaylor and Marion and I were at his left; next him on the right sat Mona, and then Farnsworth, and Elsa again back in the shadows.

Then he told us what, he said, he did not think he would have told us if Elsa, with her woman's intuition, had not divined it. "It would have been easier to have made the end silently," he said. Without putting it into so many definite words, he made us know that living had become unbearable to him, for he had loved not wisely and too much, and he was causing misery not only to himself but to two others (of course, he meant his best friend and the friend's wife); and more, there was the memory of a deed he had done which tormented him to madness. "If I could only blot out the past," he said, "and start afresh with new aspirations, new dreams, and capacity for new love! If I could only forget! But the old 'moving finger' has done its work. God Himself can't take away the past. There is but one way in which to wash out what is written." Then he demanded of us a promise that we would make no effort—by force or persuasion—to deter him from carrying out his intention. "And, of course," he said, "you can never give up my secret. It must always appear to have been an accident. When we say good-night—and I prefer to do it now, without leavetakings—I shall swim far out into the bay—and not swim back."

I could not see Elsa, but of the others it was Farnsworth who seemed most deeply affected, and he was the first to speak. Marion was weeping softly, Gaylor looked dumbfounded and helpless, and Mona took on an expression of Stoic resignation as if it were not for us to question the rights of another's soul. George seemed to be having a painful struggle with himself. He leaned forward on the table towards Walmsley and touched his hand and said, " Sit down a minute, old friend. But don't think I am going to argue with you or plead with you or offer even the slightest objection to your purpose. Only you can know what is best. But you say that God has no power over the past. I know a true story—I say true, because I was involved in much of it—that makes me challenge that statement. You know well enough that I am far from being a conventionally religious man; but I sometimes think that we of to-day under-estimate the power of God. And if you will consent to give me a few minutes before you—well, before we say good-night—why, I want to tell you my story."

Walmsley met his gaze wearily—and suspiciously; and then said, " Go ahead, George. Tell the story."

" Six—or seven—years ago, during my senior year in law at my university in the South, a young fellow entered the school of arts as an upper-classman from another college, and happened already to belong to my fraternity. He was out of the ordinary—vaguely ambitious; he read good books, he had travelled a bit, and he had a fine instinct for life. He was strikingly handsome, and made a most charming first impression. Men and women both liked him. He and I became friends, and room-mates. Although he was twenty-one and I only three years older, he looked upon me as an older brother and would come to me for advice; and then we would talk as we really thought about things, with all our vanities bared. His home was in a typical little Southern town of five thousand, where his mother and sister lived, and also the girl he was in love with. This fellow's name, of course, I can't tell you; but his nickname among some of his fraternity brothers and a few of his friends was ' Lord Jim.' I never knew who started it, or whether it had any reference to Conrad's unfortunate hero, or whether simply from the boy's manners, his good looks, and a certain air he had,

he suggested nobility so much that the title just naturally seemed to fit. And you know, there *was* something noble about that boy. He had the highest ideals—but he also had the strongest sort of passions, which developed early—physically, he reached six feet at fifteen, and then went two inches more. At times the ideals and the appetites got horribly mixed, and he had a tough time of it.

"During the Easter vacation he was asked to be best man in a wedding out of town, and I was invited to be a groomsman at the same event. I was a sort of friend of the bride's—we had been on three summer-house parties together. Lord Jim for six months had been in college with the groom up North, and he was an old friend of the bride's as well—it was said that she had been in love with him. The gossip now was that the girl was marrying for money, partly at the instigation of her grandparents (her own parents were dead) and partly to satisfy her own desire for luxury. She was a little beauty, a marvellous dancer, and pretty intelligent, with just a hint of the musical comedy about her. I had never met the groom before the wedding—he came from a distant State. I neither liked nor disliked him. He seemed a decent enough fellow, though he looked like a prize-fighter and had little conversation. It was said that he had an ungovernable temper, and that he and his fiancée quarrelled continually.

"The night of the after-rehearsal-party at the bride's house, the groom insisted on having served a goodly stock of gin and champagne that he had ordered sent there for the occasion. The bride refused to drink either the cocktails or the champagne. Liquor of any sort had a queer effect on her, she said, and she wouldn't trust herself with it. The groom was unpleasantly insistent—he had drunk more than was good for him, and he stupidly and roughly tried to force her. She begged and implored him to behave; and finally slapped him. Then he called her an ugly name. With that she became hysterical, and began to drink one glass of champagne after another. Suddenly she jumped up and said, 'I am going to marry you to-morrow, and promise to obey and all that; but to-night I am free to do what I damn please!'—and throwing her arms around Lord Jim's neck, she kissed him on the mouth. The groom looked ugly for a moment, and then grinned sheepishly,

and said, ' Oh, well, it's Lord Jim, and he's my best man—so I guess it doesn't matter.'

" We all got rather hilarious after that. When I saw that the groom was just about to ' pass out,' as we say in the South, I got him away from the party, and took him upstairs to my room (Jim and I were being entertained at the bride's house and had adjoining rooms)—and put him to bed, without saying a word to anyone. The grandparents had long been asleep and knew nothing of all these proceedings. When I got back downstairs, the rest of the guests had gone. Lord Jim and the girl were alone, sitting on the divan. I heard him say, ' No, don't—please—I can't stand it. Please!—you don't know what you're doing.' The girl answered, ' I do—I do. I'll marry that brute to-morrow, but I want one night of happiness first—I love you, boy! I don't want him to be the first. Afterwards—yes—but not the first! ' I went in and mentioned the lateness of the hour.

" We all went upstairs. I saw Lord Jim into his room. He dropped down dazed on a small upholstered metal chair and clenched his fists. His face was white, and he was shaking all over. We exchanged a few monosyllables as I helped him to get to bed. I said good-night and switched off the light. ' Damnation! ' he muttered under his breath.

" In my room the fellow on the bed was tossing and sleeping uneasily. I got into a dressing-gown, and made myself as comfortable as possible in a big chair. Just as I was about to doze off, I heard a light tap at the door. I listened a moment. I thought that I must be mistaken, but I opened my door softly. In the hall I saw a woman in negligée, with a tiny-flamed night-lamp in her hand. I heard her whisper ' Lord Jim,' and saw her disappear into his room.

" About dawn the groom waked up, wanted to know where he was, and all that. He began dressing—said he couldn't stay there all night—that ' it would never do.' Then he wanted to see Jim—to apologise to both of us for his behaviour. He was determined to see Jim—he didn't want his best man to have such an awful opinion of him. I tried to hold him bodily, after all other arguments failed. He wrenched himself from my grasp, and ran out into

the hall—straight into the girl just slipping out of the other room. He let out a guttural gasp of astonishment, and catching her by the wrist, he dragged her back into Jim's room. He stood there swaying dizzily, looking first at her and then at her lover. 'I hardly know which to kill first,' he muttered, 'but I guess it had better be you.' With a swift movement, he seized the girl's throat in his thick, powerful fingers. As I sprang forward, Jim reached for a chair, raised it, and brought it down on the fellow with all his strength. It was the metal-framed chair he had grabbed up. It caught the man on the back of the neck, at the base of the brain. He crumpled up. Before we could raise him, he was dead.

"You can imagine the horror of those next moments—the ghastly mess we were in. The girl, with a shudder, had dropped to her knees and buried her face in her hands. The situation had a freezing effect on Lord Jim. He seemed to be in the clutches of an icy terror, which numbed him to insensibility. He just stood there in a frozen attitude, the expression of his face congealed into a tortured tragedy-mask.

"Something had to be done—and it was up to me to decide *what*. The truth couldn't be told; certainly not all of it. And a part of the truth, in this case, without the whole, would simply mean the boy's execution or penitentiary sentence; and still there would be the same rumours about the girl. Suicide for both of them, or for either, was no way out. There was only one course. It would have to be believed that the man met his death by accident. Yes, while I was dozing, he had slipped out of my room to go home, and in the dark he had fallen headlong down the stairs, where he was not discovered until the servants arrived. I explained all this. Lord Jim and the girl would have to act their parts to the finish.

"We carried the dead body down the stairs, Lord Jim and I; the girl lighting the way with her night-lamp. At a landing near the foot we laid him, gently overturning a small table there, and placing the bronze candelabra, which had stood on it, across the wound on the neck. Then I started back to clean up the room. Jim tried to say something to the girl, but she left him, without uttering a word, and he followed me. When he crossed the threshold and

looked at the floor, he became violently nauseated for the moment, and I thanked heaven for his physical discomfort.

" I do not like to think of what hell the boy lived through in the awful next two hours before the scream of discovery below. And on top of that came the excruciating agony of having to act his false part during the day—and, worst of all—the funeral, where he and I were pall-bearers. It wasn't so hard on the girl, for she could collapse and stay in a darkened room, seeing no one. But no matter what deaths he was dying within, Jim bore up magnificently. And, as far as I know, there was never a suspicion of the facts. The groom was drunk—that explained everything.

" Up to the moment we were to take the train back to the university I did not know what was in Jim's mind. Of course, I felt a terrible foreboding. I knew the boy's standards, and I knew that his splendid young life was irreparably smashed, and I wondered what he would do with the pieces. But I was not prepared for the announcement that he was not going to return with me. ' I can never face any of my fellows again,' he said. ' I shan't go home to tell my family—or anyone else there—" goodbye." I shall write to them, trying to make them understand—something. But I am not worthy ever to look at them again. I am going off somewhere far away—to try to forget—to forget a little, anyhow. I shall go to Asia, or some place like that, where I'll never meet a soul I've ever known. Whatever I suffer will be less than I deserve.'

" I pleaded with him, but it was no use. He went one way that night, and I another. It seemed to me that Fate had been malignantly and unnaturally cruel in taking such a rare and splendid specimen of fine young manhood, with all his nobility and infinite possibilities, and distorting him, in hardly more than the space of an hour, into a murderer and a traitorous friend. I remember that as I sat alone in the Pullman smoker, I tried to reason with myself about the workings of destiny—but it was too much for me, and I gave it up, cursing the whole scheme of life from beginning to end.

" It was four years before I saw Lord Jim again. This month, two years ago, at a hotel in Sorrento I met him

face to face on the garden terrace which looks towards Vesuvius and overhangs the Bay of Naples. At first he pretended not to know me, and turned away. But I caught him by the shoulders, and swung him around so that he had to look me in the eyes. I called him by the old nickname, 'Lord Jim.' 'Good God, George,' he said, 'how *can* you?'

"I took him to my room. 'I'm not decent, you know, George,' he said, before he sat down, as if warning me that the consequences of such hospitality would be upon my head. I pushed him gently into a chair and sat down facing him. When I got a really good look at him, my heart bled at the change I saw. It wasn't exactly that he appeared to be in bad health—and he was no thinner than he had always been—but he no longer carried his head with the pride of his heritage of gentle blood and manners. And his complexion was not the same rich, vigorous brown; it had taken on an ashy hue, whose pallor rather startlingly accentuated the too dark crimson of his lips. There was a sullen expression about the mouth, and an unwonted hardness, as if there had been an excessive overstrain on the muscles which hold back tears. It was the eyes which had changed most. With all their beauty of shape and colour they used to be so clear, so sure, so straightforward, but now they were narrowed and filmed with disillusion and disgust and a contempt for the thing called life. 'I'm not nice to look at, am I?' he said. I begged him to tell me about himself—I thought it would do him good to talk. He did talk, and I learned what a wreck he was—morally.

"He had been in China and India and Ceylon, in the Malayan Archipelago, in the countries of Western and Northern Africa—and in each he had lived the life of the native profligates and reprobates. 'And still I can't forget,' he said. 'I think again and again that my conscience has received its death-blow—but then it stings me anew, and I try something else. Now I have come away from the *savage* into the hotbed of *civilised* iniquity—I am living at that beautiful island over there which makes me think of a delicious-looking apple, with a nest of worms at its core. And I'm no better off. I've come over here this afternoon with a party of some of the most notorious people in Europe—for an orgy at that mauve villa yonder

that belongs to the Austrian baroness. George, I'm so deathly sick of the lot of them that sometimes I can scarcely keep from slashing their throats. And I can't forget! If God would only blot out the past and let me start over! But He won't. I'm going to make an end of it soon. I should have done it long ago.'

" I told him about his people—his family and his sweetheart—how miserable he was making them by staying away. Then I told him that his mother had been ill for some time, and that I thought the sight of him was the only thing that would save her life. He was much moved. 'But I'm not decent,' he protested. 'You can't realise how low in the scale I have sunk. Why, it would be a sacrilege to come into their presence.' I had a hard time persuading him, but at last he gave way, and consented. Within a week we sailed from Naples.

" He asked me to accompany him to his little home town to see him through it, and I did.

" His sweetheart and his sister came to the train to meet him. His manner towards them was casual and his face was hard. But when he saw his mother, he broke down completely. Later, though, he seemed to draw back within himself. 'If I touch them, George,' he said to me, 'I feel exactly like a leper who contaminates what he loves most. And the unbearable part is that they all still love me—and forgive me for they know not what. They are so good, and sweet, and pure—so divine, in my eyes, George—that I can't bear it. I must go away. I want to make an end of it. I have promised mother to go to church with them on Sunday—she insists that she has strength enough to go. The dear woman thinks that the minister's words may give me some comfort. The only sermon I want to hear is 'hell-fire and damnation.' I shall stay through Sunday, and then, *chi sa?*'

" On Sunday the five of us did go to church, the frail little mother clinging to the arm of her tall son. Naturally they were all keyed up, and I tell you it took some courage to face that congregation of people they had known all their lives—the 'return of the prodigal' sort of thing, you know. We went into the family pew, and Jim sat between his sweetheart and his mother, stiff and straight and immovable as stone. He kept his eyes riveted upon the stained-

glass window behind the altar which had been put there in memory of his father.

" I didn't notice the minister's text; and, engaged with my own thoughts, I paid little heed to what he was preaching. Gradually I realised that he was talking about repentance and saying something like this: ' Our sins will all be forgiven us if we repent. The Heavenly Father forgives, yes. But we must take care how we live our lives. Better, avoid all evil—for we must not think that we can live a wicked life, and then in one moment of repentance have the effect of our bad deeds wiped out. In the Angel's Book it is all recorded, and our evil deeds are graven on the sensitive plates of our souls, and tiny scars will remain after the wounds have been healed by our Lord's grace. Our Heavenly Father is omnipotent—over the present and the future. But what's done is done—and *God Himself has no power over the past!*' The preacher struck the pulpit with his fist, and paused for emphasis.

" I looked at Jim fearfully, hoping that he had been inattentive. His shoulders were rigid—but I saw the muscles of his jaw begin to work. His eyes widened in their stare at the window—and suddenly, in the silence of the pause, he lost control of himself. He threw back his head and laughed aloud—a harsh, racking, desperate laugh—the sort that sends shivers down your spine. The effect on the congregation was electric. Every gaze was turned upon him in horrified amazement. With a jerk he rose to his six-feet-two and stepping past his sweetheart and me, he stalked up the aisle with long strides, and went out through the swinging baize doors.

" The family braved it through to the end of the service, though it took superhuman strength to do it. When we got back to the house the mother fainted dead away.

" Lord Jim was gone. He had left a note addressed to me. It was such an appalling note that I remember it almost word for word. It read: ' George—you see there's no use. God is powerless to do anything for me here in this life—but He can send me to hell and burn me clean. That's what I want—I want to be clean, and I'll pay the price. I can't wait—it must be now. Can you conceive of a man pleading for the consolation of a burning hell?

Well, that is the state I've come to; and if, when I pass across the border, I find there isn't any hell, I shall feel cheated, and my quarrel with the Organiser and Regulator of Things will not be insignificant. I owe an ugly debt to society, and I want to settle up. I am going to take revenge on myself for the world. Society would not condemn me to a finish more hideous than what I plan for myself. There is a place I know not far from here, where buzzards wheel in the sky—I shall make the end there. A swallow of poison—and the feast begins. For heaven's sake don't try to find me—it would be too sickening. I can't bear even to mention the names of those I love. Tell them—something, George. O dear God! I think I'm mad.'

"When I tried to explain as gently as I could that Lord Jim had gone away again to seek forgetfulness, only Dorothy divined my real meaning. When we were alone, she cried out, 'Oh, why, why didn't he have faith? God *could* have wiped out the past!' 'It isn't an age of miracles,' I protested. 'Who can speak of the extent of God's power?' she demanded. 'Besides,' she added pitifully, 'mere human love often can do much.'

"That night Lord Jim was brought home in an unconscious and dying condition. A negro had found him about sundown some ten miles from town in a bleak and unproductive strip of land known locally as 'Buzzards' Retreat,' where he had fallen from a ledge of rock and split open his skull. It was obviously an accident, for I discovered the bottle of poison in his pocket, unopened and miraculously not broken. The local doctors did what they could. Then we rushed him to a hospital at the State capital. By a skilful operation, they saved his life. When consciousness came to him a month later—*the past was a blank.* The physicians said that such a case was not unknown to science; they gave it a technical name, and wrote it up for a medical journal. Jim had full control of his mental faculties, mind you, but the past, with all its bitterness, was gone.

"The night Dorothy and Jim were married, some months later, the girl said to me, with tears of joy in her eyes, 'Dear, dear friend, we must never doubt God's miracles again.'"

For at least sixty seconds after Farnsworth had finished speaking the atmosphere in the shadowy fo'c'sle of the *Jenny* was thick with the silence of inarticulate emotions.

"That's all the story," he said.

Yet no one moved or spoke.

"Were you listening, Tennant?" he asked of Walmsley, whose head was still lowered, with his eyes on the table before him.

Walmsley stirred slowly, and without raising his head, he answered, "Yes—I heard all. Your tale was not *gay*, George, despite the happy ending. It has—shaken me."

"The story is a true one," Farnsworth replied. Then he added, "Of our concern for you, old friend, we are bound by promise to keep silence; but it is hard."

Walmsley stood up. "I am sure the tide has risen by now," he said, "and we can take the little boats back to shore. I—I will accompany you. But please—none of you speak to me—nor tell me good-night."

When we got up on deck, some impulse made him catch hold of Elsa for a moment and look strangely into her eyes. But he did not seem to be sure of what he saw.

John Gaylor, Marion and Elsa and I went off in the first boat (I having exchanged original places with Mona to help Gaylor with the rowing); Walmsley, Farnsworth and Mona followed close behind. Elsa chose her same place in the bow, and sat there still and inscrutable, the moonlight doing wonderful things to her golden hair. Only once during the passage did she speak, and that was to reassure herself that she had left her bathing-suit spread out to dry on an overturned boat near the Gaylors' cabin.

Our two boats hit the shore almost at the same moment. As we disembarked, I saw there on the beach, walking up and down in the attitude of lovers, the tall man who had shoved us off and the girl with the sweet smile.

Farnsworth pressed Walmsley's hand, and hurried away without a word. The man and the girl ran to join him, and the girl called out, "Is that you, George? Jim and I were so anxious to see you that we couldn't wait until to-morrow."

Walmsley's eye met mine. I knew that he knew, too. "You see," I said, "without any doubt the fellow is happy."

Walmsley replied, so low that I could scarcely catch the words, "No one ever really learns anything from another's experience."

Elsa had stolen away unnoticed.

John and Marion and Mona went away together.

I walked as far as Walmsley's door with him, gave him a cigarette, and struck the match for him. He rested his hand on my shoulder for a minute, and then went inside. I turned away; but instead of going to my room, I threw myself down on the cool sand in the shade of an overturned canoe, and looked up at the stars and the white-blue sky.

I lost all track of the passage of time as I lay there speculating on things beyond my grasp. Suddenly I was conscious of footsteps near me, and I saw a man in a bathing-suit walking quietly down to the sea. He slid almost noiselessly into the water, and began to swim out. It was Walmsley. He was going to do it, after all! My first impulse was to call to him, and to go out and bring him back. But I knew I had not the right. It was not for me to interfere. It was his affair—between his own soul and his God. But it was awful to watch a man deliberately going to his death and not to feel able to make a move to save him. I vaguely remember crouching there on the ground, futilely digging my fingers in the sand.

There was another sound of footsteps. The figure of a woman clad in a bathing-suit ran lightly from the direction of the Gaylor cabin down to the water's edge, and after a brief second's hesitation, she plunged in and struck off with clean, sure strokes.

Elsa was following him. I knew that she was a good swimmer, but the man was swimming with all his might, as if to get to the end of his strength as soon as possible. In the new complication, with two lives at stake, my situation was more acutely agonising than before. I wondered if she would reach him in time, or whether she would succeed in bringing him back, or whether she, too, would go down into oblivion. It was a race of death I was watching, standing there alone on the shore, emotionally being torn to shreds in my mental anguish and anxiety, and at the same time anæsthetised into inaction by a queer but clearly-realised obligation not to intrude in such a case as this.

When they were hardly more than two tiny specks on a

silver mirror, it seemed to me that the girl had caught up with him—and just then a cloud covered the moon and they were swallowed up in indistinctness. I couldn't stand it any longer. I got one of the little boats and put out. A quarter of a mile from shore I saw a head above the water. Walmsley went down, I thought, and Elsa is coming back alone. I shouted to her. A voice answered me, but it was Walmsley's and not Elsa's. New strength seemed to come to me—I rowed strongly and furiously. When the boat came alongside him, I gave a cry of relief, for I saw that he was bearing Elsa with him. His left arm was hooked under her shoulder, and he was having great difficulty in making any progress. "It was—too much—for her," he said pantingly, as we lifted her into the boat. "She has only fainted—it isn't serious." His own strength was almost spent, but as he sat there holding her in his arms and swaying with weakness, I saw that a new look had come into his face. "She risked her life to come and save me," he said. "And she threw away her pride to tell me that she loved me. 'Even if you still think that God has no power over the past,' she said, 'won't you try to believe that love has power over the future?' And, Saffold, as I looked at her there in the water, with the moonlight playing upon that beautiful sweet face of hers, a strange feeling swept through me, and I knew that I didn't want to die. I told her that I would go back with her. As I turned towards the shore, to my horror I saw her eyes close and her features become lifeless, and gradually she began to sink under the water. I reached out and caught her in my arms, and in that moment I knew that I wanted to *live*—to live, and to love—Elsa—and Elsa alone. And I knew, too, that I could forget everything else."

I pulled hard at the oars, and for the minute I could think of nothing adequate to say. Finally I said, "Farnsworth's story has double proof—the Deity seems to have unlimited power over the past."

"This wasn't a case of God's power," protested Walmsley. "It was love, and nothing but love."

Elsa stirred slightly and partially opened her eyes. Like one speaking in a dream, she asked, "What is the difference between God and Love?"

Woman Understood

By Austin Harrison

WHATEVER else the war may have killed, it has not slain man's critical interest in woman, and now once more the hunt is in full blast. This time it hails from Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici: *Woman, a Vindication* (Constable, 12*s.* 6*d.* net). He writes fluently, engagingly, and, as one might expect from the name, in the spirit of a stout Fascismo who challenges Mill and Liberty and the rest of it with a bold, manly gesture. But the gesture is good and the diagnosis is sound. As an analyst, Mr. Ludovici is a skilled performer. He has read his authorities, from Weininger to Lombroso, from Schopenhauer to Ambrose Wright, Havelock Ellis, Faguet, Freud, Arabella Kenealy, and Nietzsche, and what he strikes at is Feminism.

He deplores the effeminisation of man as the spirit of the age, the loss of virility in man, the upthrust of woman in the social life, the debilitation and degeneration of sex, which is the life stream, as the consequence of woman's progress in the scheme of things and the growing negativeness of mankind. After a war in which 10,000,000 men are reputed to have been killed, this seems a somewhat ungenerous estimate, and if, in post-war Europe, man is not so virile as he might be, here again the so-called "crusade" is to blame rather than the species, which on the whole confounded the pessimists of Western civilisation by the ease and willingness with which men of all nations faced death in unheroic conditions of multitudinous immolation, for what not one in every ten thousand could even give an intelligent answer.

The fact is that Mr. Ludovici is really writing about man, and his book is essentially social criticism, in which function the conclusions fall decidedly short of the diagnosis. He omits the causes of our flabbiness. He disregards the economic pressure which is the cause of so many of the changes as regards woman and marriage.

In his enthusiasm for the Fascist male, the prehensile aristocrat, the master spirit, he leaves out of account the controlling conditions of the capitalist system, which has uprooted the old standards and has made materialism the god of our community, with its inevitable materialistic results upon the individual and society generally.

If woman has emerged from her age-long captivity, it is because the cerements of the Church, of chivalry, of tradition, of ignorance, of man-made law, have been removed—not by her, but by the hard workings of economic circumstance, which has flung her into the human market to compete with man. Yet the new woman, as Mr. Ludovici writes, is not new, for woman through the ages has physiologically hardly changed, as was recently pointed out in a penetrating book on Love, by Emil Lucka; indeed, woman would seem the one unchanging and unchangeable law of our human life in that function is her primary instinct, or, in plain words, sex: which was Weininger's claim. In this Mr. Ludovici agrees. He divides women up into positives and negatives; he maintains that the negative woman is increasing in dangerous proportion to the health of the State, which no doubt is true.

As his aspersions are concentrated upon England, it is precisely here that one misses constructive criticism, for, if correct, then a scathing indictment has been uttered against our public schools system. We think that our schools are the culture ground of manly men. It is the boast of those places. They worship athletics. They are to-day more occupied with games than ever before. To read our newspapers, one might think the whole country was sports mad, rearing a race of magnificent athletes, the Red Indians of muscular virility. So that when we are told that our men are sex degenerates and that the country is becoming feminised, we must ascribe it to the teaching of our schools, which produce this type of man, seeing that they have a monopoly in class education and that manliness is the very quality, perhaps the only quality, that one and all they profess to inculcate on the playing-fields. I think Mr. Ludovici has made a curious confusion here between cause and effect.

England is a man's country, so is Germany; America

is a woman's country, and so, though for different reasons and in a different way, are the Latin countries. All over England, man is the essential, woman is only the indispensable. Everything is run for men, our shops, our games, our laws, our schools, our habits, our primogeniture, our Church, our prohibitions and inhibitions, and if things are turning out wrongly the cause certainly cannot be ascribed to women, who, till they slapped policemen's faces, had nothing to say publicly, socially, or physically in the State, and as they had far less personal hold over their men than that enjoyed by French women, for instance, their influence politically was nil. This is undeniable. Our negative women, probably our surplus women, are the result of man-made laws, conditions, and complexes. They are the product of Puritanism—England's historical gift to sociology—of our property and marriage laws, and of the sex inhibitions enforced upon women by man, *i.e.*, by virility as opposed to feminism. Our unhappy marriages are only too often the direct consequence of the physical ignorance imposed upon women, not, as Mr. Ludovici apparently suggests, of any male degeneration, and that quintessentially was the meaning of our physical woman's movement. I admit the diagnosis as to the present state, but the cause is precisely what Mr. Ludovici champions, and if that is his argument then I, for one, am for Feminism.

For, contrary to Mr. Ludovici, I don't fear Feminism. It seems to me the way out. Precisely because woman does not deviate from type, is function and not faculty, is always upon the earth, while man periodically seeks contact with the stars, she can be trusted, given due freedom, whereas man, the dreamer, the creator, the illusionist, the mystic, the artist, seeks his evolution in the realms of the spirit, which, as the modern schoolgirl puts it, is not the spirit of her sex. Now France is a feminist nation. Who would accuse her of virile degeneration? Yet she is ruled by woman in the home. *Cherchez la femme* is the philosophic commentary on France. There is never a murder, a public scandal, a motive without her; but in England woman is not the motive. Ask the public school boy educated to brand all women as "hags" what he thinks! To all these manly products of our schools woman is just angel-cake

(I won't cite his word)—something to eat, and hitherto woman has accepted the classification for centuries with becoming modesty (to quote the virile, Puritanical expression). This is British manliness. If we are paying for it at last, the cause is Man: he insisted upon virginity, ferocious chastity, implicit fidelity, and ignorance. He made all the laws, the religions and denominations, the restrictions; he invented shame, modesty, celibacy, segregation, martyrdom, the thumb-screw and the stake, the Devil and the fiery regions; he insisted upon the inviolacy of marriage; he kept the women in pious ignorance about all the laws of their bodies; he made, in short, civilisation as it is, from the Virgin Mary to Armageddon, and really it would seem time that woman took some constructive part in the evolution of the universe.

I cannot follow Mr. Ludovici in his anti-feminism unless he would suggest a world women's war, to adjust the balance. Dr. Marie Stopes is far more constructive as reformer. She is educational, the analyst is only an apothecary.

Mr. Ludovici is really an anti-democrat, and as such oddly fails to understand that man's degeneracy comes from economic conditions—our C3 population, for example—and that woman has been in subjection so long that she has not enjoyed opportunities to try her hand in the virile pursuit of rainbow-chasing, situated as she has been between the cradle and the deep sea of economics. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Ludovici wrote his book some years ago. Surely sex Britain after the war shows few signs of negativism, to judge by what the boys say. For woman is always true to type. If she appears in Oxford Street with naked shoulders and in skirts above her knees, it is because men like her so; but, the moment man criticises, down drop the skirts, and in comes the Egyptian square high-neck. I have recently been across a large part of Europe. What struck me most was woman. Everywhere she is the same; the wife, mistress, mother, sister of the vanquished man is just the same as the wife, mistress, mother, and sister of victorious man. The war has changed nothing. Love remains untouched by war. Defeat, glory, victory, emblems, problems, systems, ruin—these are not women's furbelows. Their life is man, or life; and were

it not so, were women as preoccupied with abstractions, definitions, delimitations and transgressions as man, Europe to-day would be a madhouse, whereas for all the silly havoc wrought by man and still insisted upon by man for purely abstract concepts, Europe manages still to laugh, sleep, to smile, to kiss, and to forget through this great power of sex, which is woman's unerring function. Our evolution lies in sociological understanding, not in any return to prohibitions. Woman knows her place in the general scheme. If she is to progress culturally, the ignorance with which man has cloaked and muffled her must be removed, is being removed, and, personally, I welcome woman's initiation as the great social experiment of our time.

As for vanity, one of Mr. Ludovici's charges against women, that is a strange illusion. Phallic man is the vain animal; as the Preacher said, "All is vanity." Woman's vanity is but a mirror, a social weapon, like her smile; the vanity of the Englishman is colossal. The truth is that women are not vain enough, probably because they are not proud enough, so long, so insidiously and treacherously have they been taught that they are complements the complement of which is man. As for our negative men, they are clearly a schools product, due to the system of monastic isolation which produces so many shy men in England, so many odd men, so many manly men whose ignorance of sex is one of the main causes of the many unhappy marriages and of the thousands of Mr. Ludovici's negative wives. This negativism is an English peculiarity; it is little seen abroad. It has arisen not by virtue of degenerate womanhood, but because of an isolated system of education based upon Puritanism, which in practice is hypocrisy. English women have been sex starved in the land where all is consecrated to the male, a fact—and it is a fact—which largely disposes of Mr. Ludovici's plea for more manliness implying a return to sex segregation, sex inhibition, sex ignorance, sex degradation.

The remedy, perhaps wisely left alone by Mr. Ludovici, is not more anti-laws, but more daylight. It lies in education, in freedom, in common sense. Marriage is not failing to-day from sex causes; it is shaken by economic pressure. People cannot afford children, that is all. We

have become all poorer, and, as usual, women adapt themselves to the conditions. The blame rests upon the social system. That was man's handiwork. Negative men are his product, not woman's—women never want negatives. As for the problem of the surplus women, monogamy prescribes it, nor does Mr. Ludovici contend that we should try the harem. But if we did, women would not condemn it. They will do what is best for life always. The modern woman who pretends that man is her motive rather than the child merely follows man's dictates, at the present moment conditioned by war or economic effects; for it is no joke to-day being a mother, as any visitor to a servants' agency can verify on the agonised faces of the women seeking a cook-general. Woman, life or function, is the same as she ever was, and now that she has been freed from the shackles imposed upon her by man and his organisations, his clerical superstitions and mediæval ordinances, the likelihood is that she will evolutionise marriage, and in her own interests prevent Feminism from being anything more than a step towards the higher civilisation so ardently striven for by creative man. Men seek, women are. Feminism means more fusion, more function, more comprehension and so a higher sanity, a finer body, a cleaner society. The products of patriarchy are war, the capitalist system, alcoholism, venereal disease, stulted sex segregations, neurasthenia. Mr. Ludovici, with all due respect for a charming book, is out of date. Weininger came nearer to the white star when he gave up the riddle —with a bullet.

The Ascent*

By E. Hamilton Moore

UP! Leave the stifling undergrowth, the dense
Dim atmosphere of intermingling branches;
Close hawthorn thicket, choked with cloyed suspense
Of sickly honeysuckle; guelder-moons,
Nodding pale heads from canker-ravaged bowers,
Tangle of skeleton leaves and swung cocoons,
Nettles knee-deep, flaunting grey-tasselled flowers,
Lush bryony wreaths, on hedge and bush that run,
Roofing low arbours to exclude the sun,
Corpse-clammy toadstool, fetid powder-ball,
Gnarled oaks, with tongued and fronded ferns asprawl,
Hoary and lichenous. . . .
O, leave them all,
And come! For the wonted ways grow clamorous and loud,
And the pensive woodland maiden, April's child,
Turned Bacchanal, with shaken tresses wild,
With clashing of cymbals and frenzy of thrilling strings,
Leads maddening through the groves the mænad crowd.
Leaping they go, and the pressed earth knows the urge
Of the fecund tread, and, from deep perennial springs,
With ever-renewed enchantment, blossom and branch and bud,
Like a green wave, foaming and crested, breaks in a whelming surge,
As a full tide, moon-enchanted, swells to a full-moon flood.

Yet, ripe fertility o'erteemed, how fair
In February showed those branches bare
Or catkin-pendant; or when young leaves first
Their filmy husks and glistening corselets burst—
When April sunlight dimpled like water netted
In delicate foliate tracery, laced and fretted,
Shimmering in shining strands of intricate design,
That pulsed to the mounting sap, outpoured like heady wine:
Till a changed note rang in the once clear song of the bird,

* Awarded the Poets' Club Gold Medal.

And the woodland ways grew rank, and the long perspective blurred.

Ascend, ascend, where dying day has made
A pavement in high heaven, all pearl and jade,
Where, sole, like a lamp in a temple, Hesperus burns,
Where stockdoves brood and grave cool silence yearns
Over the lights and shadows of our Glade.
Thither, as from thronged streets into some fane,
Spacious, high-pillared, echoing to the tread,
Glowing in jewelled dusk, and, overhead,
A canopied roof of stars and folded wings—
Come! For the whispering forest is all astir:
The owl calls from the coppice, and the bat,
Thrilling with zigzag flight the windless air,
Whistles the laughing dryad to the shades
Where Pan holds revel. Down the dim arcades,
Shrill music, fugitive and fine she hears,
The airy strain that pricks the satyr's ears,
And sets in dancing rings the forest maids. . . .
Not there the tryst, earth-sated soul, not there!

See the great Glade in fair proportion lie,
A green cathedral under a quiet sky,
With decorous aisles and columns widely spaced,
High-springing dome and branches unenlaced,
Broad turfy avenues and swarded reaches,
Flowing, like waterways, between pillared beeches,
With clean grey boles that upward soar unswerving,
And tapestried green branches, earthward curving—
See, row on row, the ranked and ordered lines,
Processional, of grave hieratic pines,
Like worshipping priests that, rapt and reverent,
At some high altar watch, without their aid,
In its own shining wonder evident,
The lovely mystery of their faith displayed.
And, still thy rapture to emparadise,
Urging to vaster flight of far surmise,
See the dusk purple, flowered with starry eyes,
The secret silent wardens of the night,
And grave assistance at her hallowed rite,
Yet shining on in such familiar wise,
That, as daisies to the sun their faces bend,
Earthward those heavenly blossoms condescend,

THE ASCENT

Earth-children luring up dim steeps to climb,
And, disenthralled from cramping space and time,
Some shining good to find, their long-strayed footsteps missed,
When soul and clayborn body clasped and kissed.

Then, like a kite, that in a schoolboy's hand
Tugs for the clouds, impatient to be free,
The eager spirit frets the earthly band,
And upward strains to that remembered land,
Whence erst it fell, where still is fain to be;
Deeming the summit, point and centre there,
Whereof we trace the wide circumference here—
There the sole Light, that on our shadow-days
In pale mirage and dim reflection plays,
There, throned above the transitory hours,
Beauty and Truth, dispensing even powers
With Love, the keeper of the triple line,
Three flames, that as a single splendour shine.

But set in dewy grass thy feet, securer far,
And learn, to sister stars, this earth, too, is a star.
To thee a clod, no whit less radiant is it
Than those clear orbs thy skyward gaze solicit.
Thine eyes no lustre catch, nor may thine ears,
With daylong clamour dinned, discriminate
Her equal singing midst the choral spheres.
Yet she her Angel hath, and of such state
As his Arcturus or the Pleiads guides,
Or keeps the compass of the ethereal tides.
Dark is she not, nor dumb: her shining taper she
Hath kindled in the heavenly galaxy.
Lift to the stars thine eyes, then let thy wonder grow,
Even such a star, diurnal earth to know.

Back to her then! She hath, to cool thy fever,
Her cup of quiet waters, purling springs.
Dear mould of thy poor clay, wilt thou yet leave her?
Patience! Till death shall plume thy fledgeling wings,
Here be thy stay! And well, ye fields and rills,
And thou, high Glade, among deep-wooded hills,
Your dews and dust I know for mine—the same,
As one with yours the clay that closed my frame.
Here the sole vantage, whence, secure and true,

While all their glittering squadrons round me roll,
Starborne, the starry company I view,
And hail this mortal dust their kinsman too.

Earth to fond earth! Here find thy centre, here
Thy happy harmony and ripe accord;
The punctual heart that animates the sphere,
With equal pulse constraining far and near;
The *Alpha* of the universal Word,
Past wonder wondrous, yet most homely dear.
See, deep involved in gathered umber now,
Low-stooping branches brush the spangled sward,
Twilit pavilions waiting for the moon
To paint them, leaf on leaf, and bough on bough,
Ebon and ivory, and diaper
The hem of night with argent gossamer.
Beauty she hath for who is leal to her,
And troth for troth, and steadfast vow for vow.

Well, from the stifling undergrowth to come
To sanctuary, wide and hushed as night,
To the solemn peace of silent worshipping trees,
And the still cool benediction of the height,
Templed and dewy under the star-set dome.
Well, to uncover the brow to the light caress of the breeze,
That steals from the pine her incense, from low-growing grass her balm,
Touching the restless heart with profound, earth-ancient calm.

And O, from the turmoil of life, from its thronged imaginings,
Its veiled and voluptuous ardours, its beckoning lures,
From care that frets like a canker the flowers of too prodigal springs,
From the lily that dies in a day and the crested weed that endures,
From briers that detain and ensnare, and grief that poisons and stings,
Happy is he that can turn to his secret shrine!
To Presences, vast, reassuring, brooding with outspread wings,
Beneficent shadow and silence, tender, with healing springs,
Stars in compassionate heaven and airs divine.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Ruhr Invasion

Commissionaire-Sergeant Murphy was studying the racing results on the back page of his favourite evening paper, whilst the front page, which was turned to the rest of the company, displayed in bold type the heading "Ruhr Resistance Stiffening."

"Marching into Germany don't appear to have done the French much good, do it, Sar'nt?" said the landlord.

"Doesn't it?" replied the Sergeant. "Begorra! that's just what it has done. The Frinch were never so pleased in their life as they are now. Haven't they got their knee right in the middle of Jerry's back, and aren't they able to give him a squeeze whiniver they like?"

"Get no money that way," was the rejoinder.

"Money? Sure, it isn't only money the Frinch are after. There wouldn't be a sicker-looking man in Europe to-morrow than the Frinch Prisident, if the Germans were to pay over the whole indimnity and say, 'Gintlemen, will ye now please sign a receipt on the dotted line, and then withdraw your gallant throops—particularly the ridgments of Battling Sikis, now occupying the sacred soil of the Fatherland? We like ye—but principally at a distance. For the sake of the future of the worruld we must gradually draw closer to wan another, and whin we do, the hand which we'll sthretch out to ye will be decorated, we hope, with a knuckle duster.'

"Why it'd be as much as Mossoo Poncarey's life is worth for him to take the money. He'd be torn to pieces by the pathriotic Paris Press. Mind ye, I'm not saying that the Frinch don't like money. No man that iver bought an egg or a glass of vin ordinary around Arras would deny our gallant Allies a thrue business sinse.

"But, suppose they took the money and marched back to France and resumed their long-intherrupted pastime of having a new Government on thrile—an' I mean on thrile—every other week, do ye think they'd feel aisy in their minds? Day in, day out, they'd be peeping over the

bordher and watching Jerry making money hand over fist, and doing stringth exercises, and getting himself ready for battle, as and whin required.

"At his back would be the German Frau, able and willing to guarantee every year one exthra division of little goose-steppers, complete with pickelhaube, gas-mask, and spectacles.

"An' the Frinch would remimber that, by reason of their own scientific adoption of the Stopes Theery, the birth-rate and death-rate run so close that an honest judge would declare it a dead heat and divide the stakes. An' the longer the battle was delayed, the more weight they would have to give away. D'ye think it would be any consolation for thim to remimber that the franc was twinty-five to the pound, and that the exports of Paddy Defoy Grass paid the intherest on the national debt?"

"D'ye blame the French for going into Germany?" asked Timmins.

"Not I. Didn't I march for days an' days north of Combles and see the state thim divils left the counthry in? Cut down that young pear-three, Fritz. It'll be bearing tin years hince and some accursed Frinchman will have the fruit. Blow up that church, it's only five hundred years old, and has a painfully Frinch look about the spire. Burn that thatched cottage. The open air and the rain will do the vinerable old couple a lot of good. Holy smoke! If I were a Frinchman—which, thank hivens! I'm not—I couldn't sit in the same thram-car as a German without using me hands on him. I'd have to be dug out of him. But I'm afraid our frinds, the Frinch, haven't been able to make up their minds which they want most, money or security. It's an awful job to hold a sthrong man down and search his pockets at the same time."

"We ought to be with the French," said Timmins. "The blinkin' German won't pay a bean unless he's made to."

"Maybe you're right," answered the Sergeant. "All the same, if the people here had thought that by occupying the Ruhr with the French, Jerry could be made to pay up, they would have forced the Government to do it.

"But what's the good of spurrin' a horse if you lash his forefoot and hind foot together? Tell me that now."

Pound or Dollar?

By Harry Allcock

In the English Review for July, 1923, Mr. J. Russell Gubbins advocates the abandonment of the British pound sterling and our adoption of the American gold dollar in its place as the British monetary unit. His reasons in favour of this proposal may be shortly summarised under the three following heads:—

1. *Universal Monetary Unit.*—That the dollar would soon become established as the sole monetary unit for all English-speaking people and that the "dollar group" of the world's population would then so far exceed all others in importance as to justify the hope that ultimately the dollar would become the universal monetary unit.

2. *Decimal Coinage.*—That the proved merits of decimal coinage would be more conveniently secured by our adoption of the dollar and cent system than by the decimalisation of the pound sterling via the pound and mil method.

3. *Penny Prices.*—That, as the value of the British penny would be almost exactly retained in the form of a two-cent piece, the dislocation of existing penny prices would be negligible.

Having regard to the possibility of Empire Currency being included amongst the subjects for the consideration of the approaching Imperial Economic Conference, the following commentary upon Mr. Gubbins' far-reaching proposal may be of interest, especially to those who, while they are not prepared to abandon the pound sterling, share the writer's desire to remove the handicap which the British trader now suffers by reason of his continued use of our complicated non-decimal system.

For convenience these comments are assembled under the three above-mentioned heads:—

Universal Monetary Unit.

The apparent advantages of a universal monetary unit are most attractive, but actual experience has shown them

to be quite illusory. For example, the countries comprised within the Latin Monetary Union (France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland and Greece) were attracted by this ideal, and they all adopted the franc or its equivalent as their common unit.

Exchange and currency considerations, however, have long since demonstrated the impossibility of maintaining the desired uniformity of value, one Swiss franc being, for instance, to-day worth about three French francs. These fluctuations of real value range between very wide limits and are constantly occurring, so that the purely nominal uniformity of the several francs has proved misleading rather than helpful. Then again, there is a wide disparity in the cost and style of living in various parts of the world, so that no single monetary unit would be equally convenient for the purpose of providing coin values suitable for the daily needs of the various peoples.

I therefore submit that a universal monetary *unit* is neither desirable nor attainable, but on the other hand a universal *system* of coinage is highly desirable, and would be attained by the decimalisation of the pound sterling, as the pound is now practically the only monetary unit in the commercial world which is not already decimalised.

In his zeal to secure the establishment of the dollar as the universal monetary unit Mr. Gubbins has apparently become so fascinated by an idealistic will o' the wisp that he has not only belittled the value of the international goodwill of the pound sterling, but he has also grossly under-estimated the weight of the opposition which would be raised by the City of London against any proposal to dethrone the British pound in favour of the American dollar. British bankers and financiers would most strenuously oppose any proposal which would be likely to assist New York to compete more effectively with London for supremacy as the financial hub of the world.

Decimal Coinage.

The choice between the pound and the dollar as the British monetary unit was before the Royal Commission on Decimal Coinage in 1920, and it is significant that their decision was overwhelmingly in favour of the pound, not-

withstanding the handicap that the method then proposed for its decimalisation was unduly complicated. That method included the abandonment of the penny coinage in favour of mils, the division of the pound into 1,000 mils, the use of three figures after the decimal point and the issue of several new coins.

In a simpler method, which has since been devised and is rapidly gaining valuable support, it is proposed, instead of abandoning the penny, to increase its token value by 20 per cent., and thereby to divide the pound into 20 shillings of 10 pence instead of 12. This new method would simultaneously restore the pre-war popularity of the penny and provide a coin to represent half a hundredth part of the monetary unit—a denomination which would not involve the regular use of more than the usual two figures after the decimal point.

The division of the pound into 20 shillings of 10 pence would possess the additional merit of combining the advantages of the decimal and binary systems, *e.g.*, the tenth and the hundredth part of the pound would be divisible into halves and quarters without the addition of any new coins.

British exporters and others familiar with the decimal system could forthwith express all £ s. d. values in pounds and decimal parts thereof at sight and without adjustment —a facility of great value in exchange operations and in the conduct of overseas trade generally, since all foreign monetary units are now decimalised.

At convenience, as and when the general level of popular education warranted, this alternative practice of expressing shillings and pence as a decimal fraction of the pound could be gradually extended until it became universal, thus securing the admitted benefits of decimal coinage for the entire British people by easy and imperceptible stages.

In the meantime, the man-in-the-street could continue to employ the old £ s. d. cash ruling, instead of the comparatively unfamiliar decimal point, and yet enjoy many of the advantages of decimal coinage by reason of the elimination of much of the existing compound arithmetic from his accounts, *e.g.*, three articles at 5d. each would be 15 pence or 1s. 5d., instead of 1s. 3d., and when adding up his cash columns 89 pence would be simply 8s. 9d. instead of

7s. 5d. (It is not generally realised that under our present system we cannot write down the result of a simple addition sum without also mentally dividing and subtracting after we have added.)

The failure of every previous effort to complete the decimalisation of the pound has been due to the comparatively revolutionary methods hitherto considered, and it is submitted that the gradual process by evolution, as herein proposed, would be more likely to succeed as being in closer harmony with the traditionally conservative British temperament.

Let us then press for the division of our pound sterling into 200 pence instead of 1,000 mils and steadily resist all proposals to scrap the British unit in favour of the American or any other unit.

Penny Prices.

It is true that, on the basis of the dollar as the monetary unit, a two-cent piece would be of almost the same value as our existing penny, but it is wrong to assume that this would be advantageous. On the contrary, we are surrounded by ample evidence proving that the purchasing power of the penny is too low, with the consequence that at least 1½d. is now charged for many pre-war pennyworths. An outstanding instance which affects practically everyone is that of the "Penny Post,"* which now stands at 1½d. for a 2-oz. letter as compared with 1d. for 4 oz. before the War.

Currency inflation, heavy taxation and increased cost of production jointly prevent the restoration of the penny's pre-war purchasing power, and the above proposal to increase its token value by 20 per cent. therefore deserves serious attention. If the value of the penny is not increased the desired reduction of the cost of living will be unduly postponed, because the retail seller of daily needs, being unable to reduce his price to the old 1d., is now obliged to charge 1½d. where he would be prepared to

* Replying to a question by Lord Southwark in the House of Lords on August 1st, 1923, the Government spokesman said that the desired restoration of the penny post would result in a nett annual loss of revenue of about £5,000,000. Previous official statements show that the Post Office could, however, handle ten letters per shilling without loss, so that "penny" postage could be restored immediately on the basis of the proposed higher-value penny.

accept 1d. of the proposed higher value. In other words, where the consumer previously received 12 articles for one shilling he now receives 8, and in future he would receive 10.

It should be remembered that many articles and services now priced at one penny were formerly obtainable for a halfpenny, and the proposed higher value of the halfpenny coin would therefore help to break down the existing practice of charging double price for these items.

As each copper coin would have a higher purchasing power than at present, a smaller number of coins would serve to transact the same total value of business and the general restoration of "penny" prices, payable by one coin, would remove the public irritation and administrative expense now involved in endless giving of change. The annual expense of minting additional coppers to make good wastage would also be saved—probably for several years—because the number of coins already issued would be in excess of requirements.

The value of all notes, gold and silver coins relatively to the pound would remain unaffected, but they would be exchangeable into a smaller number of pence (exactly one-sixth less than at present) by reason of the higher value of the penny. No new coins would be required, but the unpopular threepenny pieces could be withdrawn and the sixpenny coins should preferably be described as half-shilling pieces exchangeable into five high-value pence.

N.B.—To prevent the hoarding of coppers in anticipation of their higher values, the change could be made without notice (as in Budget variations of duty), and in the comparatively few cases where coppers are normally held in bulk, the holders might be reasonably required to surrender the unearned increment of 20 per cent. to the State. When making this announcement, the Government should remind the public that the penny is legal tender up to one shilling only (the value of which would remain unchanged), and that all existing penny-basis contracts could be precisely maintained by deducting one-sixth from the number of pence now paid.

An Evening with Mr. Williams

By Murray Allison

NEARLY everybody knows the Mitre at Towton in Dorsetshire. It is a typical "county" hotel, just as Towton is a typical "county" town. The population of Towton is about 10,000. All the Towton people shop in Towton. All the gentry and all the farmers from twenty miles around Towton shop at Towton. Towton boasts a gunmaker, a fishing tackle maker, a saddler, and a tailor whose goods are as fine as those of the best firms in London. A member of the Towton Hunt Club would be cut by the county if he dared to have his saddles made or his breeches cut in London.

Everybody in Towton knew everybody else, and about everybody else. No one ever went away from Towton and few strangers ever came there. If you talked to a Towton man about any other part of the world, he would say, with an air of finality, "Well, I sleep in the bed I was born in."

Towton people took in the London daily newspapers as a matter of form, but the real source of Towton news—and Towton news was the only kind of news that Towton people really took any interest in—was the Mitre. The life of Towton centred at the Mitre. The Towton Hunt met four times during the season at the Mitre. The Towton Masonic Lodge met once a month at the Mitre. Important auction sales took place nearly every week at the Mitre. The Hunt Ball was held there; so was the County Ball. The Towton Amateur Dramatic Society held their rehearsals at the Mitre, and every Friday night the Towton Orchestral Club practised in the Long Room. It was in the Long Room that all these functions took place. The few visitors at the Mitre always gathered in the Long Room after dinner for coffee. The visitors sat at one end, and the Dramatic Society rehearsed or the Orchestral Club practised at the other. The members of the Dramatic Society and of the Orchestral Club ignored the visitors

completely. They—the visitors—were not Towton people, so they really did not exist. Towton people never spoke to visitors.

The only person who took any notice of the visitors at the Mitre was Mr. Williams, the landlord, and he was not a true dyed-in-the-wool Towton man. That is to say, he was neither born nor bred in Towton. Nevertheless, as landlord of the Mitre, he knew all the Towton people and all about them.

Mr. Williams was an odd little man, quite unlike one's conception of the landlord of the Mitre. He was short and slim, grey-headed and red-faced. He was clean-shaven but for his upper lip, from which sprouted a short "scrubbing brush" moustache. His face was absolutely expressionless; when he spoke he always reminded one of one of those dolls that ventriloquists manipulate; the whole of his lower jaw moved up and down, and the words issued from his lips in a dull monotone. You can imagine him saying, "The hotel is burning" in exactly the same tone as "We shall have some rain to-morrow." He always wore a blue serge suit, double-breasted, and during the daytime I never saw him hatless; he wore an ordinary bowler tilted over his eyebrows. In the evening he removed the bowler; I suppose as a kind of concession to Towton.

I had been at the Mitre for more than a week before I knew who he was. I was sitting in the Long Room after dinner. The little man walked up to me and said in a flat voice, "I've been in the cellar for three hours. My cellar-man is worse than a headache," and with that he walked away. I asked the waiter who he was, and he told me. "That's Mr. Williams, the landlord," and then, as an after-thought, "Mrs. Williams' husband."

One night I was sitting in the Long Room, at the visitors' end, alone. It was the night that the Towton Orchestral Club held their weekly practice. Ten or twelve men were tuning up their instruments at the other end of the room, when Mr. Williams came in and sat beside me. He said, "Life's a funny thing." I assented. He went on, "I don't suppose you could possibly guess who those men are," waving his hand in the direction of the orchestra. "Well, hardly," said I. "I am a total stranger, and . . ."

"No," he interrupted. "I don't suppose you could. Take that fellow on the left, not the one with the bald head, the other one, the one with the handkerchief. You'd never guess who *he* is."

"No," said I faintly. "I——"

"Well, that's Mr. Crumbles—Mr. Crumbles."

I feigned the necessary astonishment. "Really! Mr. Crumbles, really!"

"Yes, that is Mr. Crumbles. I don't suppose you could guess who Mr. Crumbles is?"

I confessed my inability to solve that riddle, and Mr. Williams told me.

"Mr. Crumbles is our local picture framer. His shop is in the High Street on the left. I have several pictures framed by Mr. Crumbles, several. Now the bald-headed man, the one you thought I meant first, the one next to Mr. Crumbles, who do you think he is?"

Again I confessed my ignorance.

"That is Mr. Bartholomew, Mr. William Bartholomew. The one at the piano turning over the music is his brother George. William and George Bartholomew."

"Indeed," I said politely. "William *and* George Bartholomew. How interesting!"

"Yes, very interesting, very! But what is still more interesting is this—what do you think they are? You'll never guess. They are our local undertakers. Their place is in Church Street, on the left. Which do you think is the elder of the two?"

"Oh," I said, "George."

"Quite right," replied Mr. Williams. "Quite right. George is older than William. Now the man with his back to us, with the grey trousers and the black coat—you can't see his face, he's got his back to us—the one in the centre bending over, that's Herbert Sharp, one of our local photographers. His shop is opposite the Mitre, painted green. Herbert is very well liked; everybody has a good word to say for Herbert. He's turning round now—that's Herbert Sharp. But who do you think the man with the 'cello is—the man with side-boards? That is Mr. Hamshaw. He is in Okkshott's, the estate agents. He used to keep a dairy.

"Life *is* a funny thing. You could sit here all night

and never guess who those men are; just men, like you and me, but you could never guess who they are. Look at that fellow with the drum, the man with glasses! Just look at him! You'd never know that he's a chemist unless I told you; but he *is* a chemist. His name is Gatt, Charles Gatt. He's on the corner of Station Street—Charles Gatt. The tall man with the flute is his uncle, Thomas Paddle; Charles Gatt's mother was one of the Miss Paddles. Thomas Paddle is our local decorator. He is on the Council and has just bought a two-seater. The cornet player is James Stone, one of our local butchers. Mrs. Williams gets all her meat from Mr. Stone. His son is a clerk in the railway. His name is James Stone also. James Stone used to play in the Towton choir—you see?"

I "saw," and as Mr. Williams showed signs of bringing his disclosures to an end, I assured him that the subject was simply fascinating. "It is ridiculous to discover, my dear Mr. Williams, that one is quite unable to hazard the remotest conjecture, and yet, as you say, and quite rightly, they are men, like you and me. For instance, who is the gentleman with the violin?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Williams solemnly. "I was going to leave him to the last. That is Arthur Green, Arthur Green, and what is stranger still, Arthur Green is a compositor on our local newspaper, *The Towton Gazette and News and Farmers' Advertiser*. Arthur Green is the first violin. He is only newly married.

"The second violin, the fellow with the red tie, nearest the door—not the one sitting down—that's Mr. Smallwood, sitting down, Richard Smallwood. He keeps the furniture shop next door to the Town Hall. And standing up—he's looking this way now—that's Frank Miller, Mr. Frank Miller, one of our local ironmongers. Yes, that's Frank Miller."

"Well, well," I said heartily. "Frank Miller. And that's the lot, eh?"

"Not quite; there's one more. You see the man with the yellow waistcoat, talking to George Bartholomew—they are going to start in a moment—he's walking across the room now. Well, that is Phillip Rush; but what do you think he does?"

I mentioned all the local trades I could think of, and

then ran through the professions, Mr. Williams shaking his head negatively as I went on.

"No, no, no," he said. "All wrong. Phillip Rush does nothing! He lives about a mile from Towton on the road to Devizes. His mother's name is Fanny."

At that moment the collection of local notabilities got to work in real earnest. Mr. Williams rose and motioned to me to follow him. He took me into his office at the back of the bar and helped me to a liberal mixture of whiskey and soda. After the usual compliments on my part, Mr. Williams said, "Yes, as I was saying, it's a funny world. I could tell you things. Number 12 has been with us for four years come Christmas. He always takes his Christmas dinner with us—jelly, custard, pudding, brandy sauce and all—every Christmas, regular as clockwork. Number 12 wants watching. What an appetite!—doesn't pay. Yes, it's a funny world. You know, I'm not used to this kind of thing. I've seen life, the seamy side. I've been coming here for twenty years; knew Higginson like a brother, a brother. Always had No. 23. When Higginson died I thought I'd settle down. Mrs. Williams was Mr. Higginson's widow, and—well, here we are. Mrs. Williams is Towton—one of the Springlegs. I'm not real Towton. Before I took on this, ten years ago, I was Clerk of the Assizes. That's when I saw life, the seamy side. *Books?* I could write books by the dozen. I've been all round; I know. I've seen things with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. I could tell you something."

I encouraged him. "Your experiences must have been extraordinary, Mr. Williams."

"Look!" he replied. "I will tell you something, just to show you what experiences I have had before this business came along. And it happened in this very town of Towton, and the people are alive to-day, alive and well. I won't mention names, but he would tell you, and so would she. It all happened at the Assizes here at Towton. By the way, do you know what my favourite vegetable is? No, you'll never guess—turnips!"

"Turnips!" I pretended to be amazed at this information. "Turnips!"

"Yes, turnips. I've grown some wonderful turnips in my time, wonderful. Ask anybody. But nobody knows my fertiliser. Now what do you think I use?"

" I should never guess that, Mr. Williams, but I should really like to know. What *do* you use? "

He thought for a moment, and then said very slowly, " Bones."

" Bones? "

" Yes, sir, bones. I've made a study of them. I could tell you something about that—it was a divorce case."

This was really puzzling, so I inquired, " A divorce case? "

" Yes, that is what it was, and to-day they are both alive and well, owing to me—to me; they'll tell you. The case came on during the morning—the usual thing, couldn't get on. I met him in the street during the luncheon—'twas here in Towton. I went up to him. I said, ' Why not make it up? ' That's what I said, ' Why not make it up? ' I said, ' You are approaching the sere and yellow,' I said, ' the sere and yellow. Make it up. Rome was not built in a day,' I said. ' Rome was not built in a day. Be friends,' I said. ' Make it up.' I looked at him straight in the eye, and I said, ' Man to man, man to man,' I said. ' There's no place like home, there's no place like home.' That's all I said, and I left him standing in the street, here in Towton nearly twenty years ago. I shall never forget it—never.

" After lunch, when the court re-opened, his lawyer got up and said, ' M'lord, this case '—I won't mention names—' this case is withdrawn.'

" I never saw him for a year. A year afterwards I was again in Towton, before Higginson—well, I was here again, and I saw him—I won't mention names—in the street. He came straight up to me and shook hands, and then he said, ' Mr. Williams,' he said, ' Mr. Williams, you're a Britisher, you're a Britisher! ' That's what he said, here in Towton, in the street. ' Mr. Williams, you're a Britisher, a Britisher.' I shall never forget it as long as I live. ' You're a Britisher.' "

At that moment the clock struck eleven. The Towton Orchestral Club were clattering along the passage and cheery " Good-nights " came from the bar parlour. Mr. Williams was gazing into the fire like a man in a trance. I bade him " Good-night."

As I left the room, I heard him muttering to himself, " You're a Britisher; you're a Britisher."

The Problem of Eastern Africa

By Major W. Fletcher, O.B.E.

A Plea for Amalgamation

The Government settlement of the Kenya question, recently announced, has caused such an outburst of dissatisfaction from all parties concerned, that a serious deadlock is threatened between the Indian politician and the European colonist, both in South and East Africa. Both opponents can claim very good backing, and in this connection Lord Reading's words of reproach and warning, uttered in full Council, suggest that the settlement can only be temporary.

The main point in favour of the Government settlement is that native interests have obviously been paramount in all questions where the claims of either European or Indian might have harmed them; but, apart from this, the settlement is somewhat parochial and does not display that wide grasp and vision of the possibilities of expansion in Eastern Africa which one had hoped for.

The following plea for amalgamation is put forward with the hope that this or some similar scheme will receive consideration at this year's Imperial Conference, where the Kenya question will now undoubtedly be discussed.

It is necessary to state as a preamble that this plea for federation is put forward from a purely East African point of view; for one of the most salient features of the present controversy is that the whole question of the Indian status has been deliberately lifted from its local setting and has become a sort of acid test of the position of the emigrating Indian throughout the Empire. This, too, at the expense of East African progress—obviously delayed by this still unsolved question, which is serving as the first trial of strength for the Indian politician under the new Montagu *régime*. It will be necessary, before suggesting a remedy, to analyse at some length present conditions in Eastern Africa, and their causes.

THE PROBLEM OF EASTERN AFRICA

The British sphere of influence in Eastern Africa extends over three countries:—

(1) KENYA.—This includes:—

(*a*) Kenya Colony;

(*b*) Zanzibar; and

(*c*) Kenya Protectorate.

The Colony consists of the whole country, with the exception of the ten-mile wide strip extending along the coast, over which the Sultan of Zanzibar still holds certain rights, and which is called the Kenya Protectorate. This statement is also true of the Island of Zanzibar itself, but, for all practical purposes, Kenya is administered as a whole from Nairobi by a Governor and a Council with an automatic official majority.

(2) UGANDA.—This is a Protectorate with a Governor and Council, somewhat similar to that of Kenya.

(3) TANGANYIKA.—The Territory itself is governed under a mandate from the League of Nations by a Governor with no Council.

The frontiers of these countries were not based on any definite ethnological or geographical plan, but were the result of the great scramble for spheres of influence in Eastern Africa, which constituted the chief history of this part of the world, in the latter half of the nineteenth century. It is largely to this policy of political necessity, which disregarded fundamental laws of ethnology and economics, that the present strained situation in East Africa is due.

The anomalies and serious evils which attend this arbitrary division of Eastern Africa will best be realised if the reader will for one moment imagine himself visiting East Africa—the last of our great possessions still undeveloped. He will first study the map of the countries he is going to see. Upon examining the lines of demarcation of the frontiers, he cannot fail to be struck by the extraordinary way in which districts similar in all important conditions are administered by different Governments with possible gross dissimilarities in policy, etc.

A trip down the coast from Kismayu to Sudi will soon show him that conditions are the same at the northern end of Kenya Protectorate and at the southern end of Tanganyika Territory, including the islands of Zanzibar and

Pemba. The same crops are produced; the same native population is predominant, *i.e.*, Arab and Swahili; and the minor tribes have many characteristics in common.

History shows us that before the arrival of the northern European nations the Sultan of Zanzibar's sway held good all along the coast, and that for centuries no such differentiation can have existed as is the case to-day, when half this area is governed from Nairobi and half from Dar-Es-Salaam. All who know Eastern Africa realise that the coast is a homogeneous and indivisible entity. It is purely tropical in character and in climate.

The traveller's next move would be up the Uganda Railway, so called because not one yard of it runs through Uganda to Nairobi; and the first indication of a great change in conditions would be brought home to him at about two o'clock in the morning, when a sudden desire for more blankets would assail him; having started at five o'clock in the evening from Mombasa, with all the well-known contrivances for keeping cool that the new arrival carries with him, he suddenly finds himself bitterly cold; and when he gets his breakfast at Makindu he is in an entirely different world. He will begin to think that Africa is not so unlike Europe, after all, as regards climate. He has arrived on the East African highland plateau, varying from 4,000 to 9,000 feet in altitude and containing the three great mountain groups of Kenya, Kilimanjaro, and Elgon, and with a total of some 50,000 square miles, *i.e.*, about one-fifth of the total area of Kenya Colony. These highlands are definitely sub-tropical in character, and here, in direct contrast to the coast, the white man can live, breed, and bring up his family. The produce, such as coffee, maize, citrus, grade cattle and dairy produce, is different from that of the coast, and in this typical *South* African area, over 70 per cent. of the white population of the Colony has naturally made its home.

It cannot be over-emphasised that conditions in this area are not the typical conditions of Eastern Africa as a whole—a fact confirmed by Lugard, who states quite definitely, " These conditions are peculiar to a comparatively small portion which lies at an altitude between 4,000 and over 9,000 feet."

Continuing his journey, our traveller will find that after

passing through the marvellous Rift Valley and over the Mau escarpment, he will eventually drop down fairly steeply towards the Lake Victoria, and, for some forty to fifty miles before reaching the greatest inland sea in Africa, the character of the country will have completely changed back to something resembling the coastal area and not the highlands through which he has been passing. Crossing the lake from Port Florence to Entebbe and motoring *viâ* Kampala to Jinja, and thence back by road to Port Florence round the east end of the lake, he cannot fail to realise the similarity of all these lake lands. When he has gone round the western end of the lake and has visited Muanza and Bukoba, not omitting several flying trips into the interior of Uganda, which the local enthusiasts will insist on his taking, he will once more be puzzled when he recalls that the country around this lake is divided up and administered at present by three separate Governments.

In all of these lake districts conditions are as nearly alike as possible, *i.e.*, tropical. Although the climate is not quite so hot as at the coast, it is most certainly not a white man's country in the sense that the Nairobi and highland districts are. If he is an intelligent seeker of the truth, our traveller will certainly traverse the small railway from Tanga to Moschi and the longer railway from Dar-Es-Salaam to Ujiji, and will find that in Tanganyika Territory there is no feature in any way similar to the highlands; in its place there is a largely increased area of tropical coastal land at the one end, and of tropical lake land at the other; the exception is the Kilimanjaro area, which is really a piece of the Kenya highlands jutting into late German East Africa.

This brief survey will have shown our traveller that with one notable exception Eastern Africa is a tropical country, and its natural development is along the same lines as those of similar countries, whether controlled by English or other nations.

Leaving aside for a moment the moral points at issue regarding administration of Eastern Africa, and considering merely the economic point of view, we are compelled by long experience to admit that in the gathering together in marketable quantities of tropical products, and in the

distribution of the balancing quantity of imported goods, it is essential that some middleman be found with a sufficiently low standard of living to avoid such high overhead charges as would put local crops out of the running against similar products of other countries; this does not mean that the necessary supervision and administration of the producer should be within the sphere of this middleman; but unless the local native is himself sufficiently advanced to perform this function, the obvious course is for some other *tropical* being with commercial leanings to undertake the task. This is what has actually happened in Eastern Africa, or rather in the tropical part thereof.

Throughout the coast and lake districts—in fact everywhere except in the highlands—the Indian (not the cultivator, but the commercialised class) has established himself as a middleman. In the most highly developed part of Eastern Africa, *i.e.*, Zanzibar, which has kept out of all the political storms which have raged over the mainland, the Indian community has gradually become far more East African in thought and feeling than those who know the almost French love of country which dominates his mind would believe. This points to the interesting possibility of a satisfactory settlement of the "Indian Question," leading to a gradual and eminently desirable Africanisation of future generations of the East African Indian.

It must not be thought that the admission of an unlimited supply of commercialised Indians into a new tropical country with an industrious local population would produce the same results as in, say, Uganda, where the best instance of the real co-operation between the three races and the attendant results can be seen. Here the Government, together with the large European merchant houses, have trained the native into producing large quantities of excellent cotton. This (the pioneer part of the process) has been carried out almost exclusively by the European and, of course, by the actual grower—the extremely intelligent local native. But the subsidiary processes, equally essential, once the initial stage of propaganda, etc., is over, are largely in the hands of the Indian. He has shown great intelligence and activity in erecting ginneries, and is naturally predominant in the very necessary function of retailing to the native the imported goods

—chiefly clothes—which are the principal incentive to the native to produce a good crop.

The result of this real co-operation has been a satisfied and prosperous native population—an Indian community which gives the minimum of trouble, and is also comparatively prosperous and contented; and a European community which has been able to weather the storm, due to the terrible slump of the last three years, far better than the settler community of the East African highlands. Incidentally, the Government tax on cotton has enabled it to spend enormous sums on the eradication of venereal disease in Uganda, and the undoubted success of this scheme in the years to come will be a lasting credit to British administration in Africa, as well as the best possible testimonial to the wisdom of the co-operative policy adopted in Uganda. This pretty picture has its counterpart in Zanzibar, where the clove crop (over 85 per cent. of the world's supply) is worked under somewhat similar conditions to the Uganda cotton crop, and where the wealth per head among the native population is the highest in all Africa.

The coast strip has also been developed on these lines, *i.e.*, capital and directive brain—European; actual production labour—native; retail purchase of produce and retail sale of imported goods—Indian. That success has attended co-operation of European, native, and Indian in the tropical districts is clear from the above well-established instances.

Now as to highland conditions: they are entirely different as regards the main methods of production, although there is a small subsidiary trade in minor local products, which are handled through the same channels as described above. Coffee, flax, European-grade live-stock, dairy produce, maize, citrus, cereals, etc., are all cultivated directly by the European settler, who employs the native away from his own reserves; and the writer is convinced that this method is the only correct one under which this relatively small but marvellously fertile sub-tropical area can be developed, quite apart from the question of the definite pledges given to the European settler by the Imperial Government as to his supremacy in this area.

The present moment seems to be one of resting before

a big leap forward in this area is made, due to construction of railways and the reorganisation of local finance and railway administration—and enormous credit is due to the courage and perseverance of the very fine white settler community. These, in a day when the word "effete" is bandied about as applied to the English race, have shown the same qualities of tenacity of purpose which those who try to decry the present-day Englishman praise so lavishly in the early founders of our great Empire.

The administration of the highlands as regards native labour has been admirably handled by the local Government, who have, however, on several occasions been badly hampered by autocratic instructions from home—chiefly the result of giving ear to those who prefer an ounce of theory on the native question to a ton of experience, and who are more jealous in their care of the native movement than of the actual native himself!

It will be clearly seen that in this highland method of production the Indian middleman loses at least half of his functions, and actually his chief claim to any say in highland matters is based on his position as a skilled artisan rather than as a trader. Even here he is within sight of being gradually supplanted by the native, who is taking most kindly to the new *rôle* of skilled worker, as is proved by the highly successful experiments in the Uganda railway workshops and elsewhere.

The writer at one moment during the war was in charge of workshops with over 800 men and was struck by the aptitude shown by the natives in various mechanical lines, such as carpentry, fitting, etc., and equally the impossibility of weaning the "Indian Fundi" from the antiquated methods and tools which he so dearly loves. The Indian will, however, continue one part of his natural functions, *i.e.*, retailing imported goods in return for the wages paid by the European settler, in a very minor degree, for the success of the small estate shop run by natives under European supervision has already greatly reduced the Indian's claim to be an economic necessity in the highlands.

The lessons to be drawn from this economic survey of Eastern Africa are obvious to all:—

(1) The Indian is essential in the opening up and carrying on of purely tropical countries.

(2) That he is of a certain value, small and gradually diminishing, in sub-tropical areas.

From the administrative and political point of view, certain aspects of the points at issue are so relative to the economic argument just stated that the present pleas for a solution on broad lines of amalgamation would be incomplete without comment thereon.

Briefly, there can be no possible excuse for handing over administration of the natives of Africa to the Indian, whether directly by civil appointment or indirectly through the franchise, which would give to any Indian group the final say in any matter of purely native import. Both by treaty and by mandate, as well as by thousands of verbally expressed wishes, the native has shown most clearly that it is under the white British rule and administration that he desires to live. He recognises, perhaps more clearly than many Europeans, that the Indian is a necessity—but he does not wish to be ruled by him in any way whatsoever. He is perfectly willing to co-operate with both European and Indian, but only on the sure and certain basis that the final say in all matters will be taken by the British official, whose conduct has always been such that the native has unbounded confidence in his sense of fairplay and justice.

The native himself must have the larger say in this matter, and no amount of proving by any particular group of Europeans or Indians what ought to be their position in Eastern Africa can overrule the clearly expressed preference of the native for the supreme authority vested in the visible person of the King's representative—*i.e.*, the Governor. Even in a country far more developed than East Africa—*i.e.*, India—with a large number of both Provincial and National Councils with mixed unofficial majorities, it has frequently been found necessary for the Viceroy to exercise this right of vote, the most notable and recent instance being that of the salt tax.

It is equally clear that since the Indian is an economic necessity in a large part of Eastern Africa, he should have some political say in the administration of these countries; and the same is most obviously true of the large settler and other European community. It will then be seen that some form of government has to be found which answers to all the following requirements:—

(1) A definite responsibility and power for carrying out the native mandate—even in opposition to the wishes of other communities.

(2) The giving of a fair representation to European and Indian communities.

(3) The proper carrying out of a policy of development based on the ethnological, geographical, and economic conditions of the whole of Eastern Africa, disregarding the arbitrary frontier limitations imposed by a state of political necessity, which existed acutely some fifty years ago, but is now fortunately a thing of the past.

The solution would appear to lie in some form of amalgamation or federation of all three of our East African possessions. There are, admittedly, difficulties to be overcome—such as change of the present temporary mandate for Tanganyika Territory into something more definite; the overcoming of the natural dislike of a prosperous country like Uganda to being brought into hotch-potch with countries whose budgets are momentarily not so favourable—such as Kenya and Tanganyika Territory; the difficulty of finding a place where the Governor-General of an amalgamated Eastern Africa should not be too much under the influence of local surroundings which differ radically from those in other parts of his domain; but the following suggestion—capable of alteration to a large extent—would appear to possess great advantages over the present methods in force.

(*a*) The re-distribution of the whole of Eastern Africa into four large provinces, such provinces to be so distributed that they contain areas in which the main conditions are similar. The provinces which at once spring to the mind are:—

(i.) Highlands of East Africa, roughly, the three mountain groups and the lands within and around them; boundaries to be decided by question of climate—not forgetting necessity of tribal indivisibility. Headquarters, Nairobi.

(ii.) The Lake Victoria province, containing all lands within fifty miles of the lake and hinterland of Uganda—in fact, the present Uganda with the addition of the lake lands at present administered from Nairobi and Dar-Es-Salaam. Headquarters, Entebbe.

(iii.) The coast province, containing the whole coastal area from north to south, and including Zanzibar and Pemba. Headquarters, Zanzibar.

(iv.) The Tanganyika area, including Lake Tanganyika and the lands around thereof, as far as the coast province. Headquarters, Tanga.

It is debatable whether the Muanza and Bukoba districts should belong to the second or fourth province; and there are doubtless other minor matters which could be adjusted. These provinces would each have a Provincial Governor and Council, and the membership thereof would vary according to the strength, importance, and justified claim to representation of the various communities in the province.

At the head of the whole of Eastern Africa there would be the Governor-General and his Council on very similar lines to those of the Viceroy of India. The province would send their nominees to this great Council, upon which all communities would have their full representation; but it is all-important that an absolute right of veto should be maintained by the Governor-General.

This is not the place to discuss the relation between the Colonial Office and such a Governor, although it is clear that the above system would mean a considerable transfer of power from the Colonial Office to the Governor-General, which in itself would not be a bad thing. From another point of view, the above system answers the necessary qualifications laid down; for the Indian Question, as at present constituted, would disappear. The Indian would get perfectly fair representation in the provinces, where his economic right to existence has been proved, and also on the great Council, while he would not attain an unjustifiable franchise in European settled areas, where his claims are weak.

The other advantages achieved would be in the centralising, on a federated basis, of port and railway administration, which would give a far stronger say to the lake provinces, dependent for their very existence upon railways, where at present they have only a small say. The importance of central control of transport, etc., in a country like East Africa is obvious.

As to what questions were for provincial Governments

and what for the great Council to decide, the whole experience of India is at our disposal, with sufficient precedent on every point to make the solution of any such difficulty none too hard a matter.

This scheme would have one advantage, which sounds somewhat mercenary, but is none the less extremely important. The borrowing powers of an East African commonwealth of this sort are far greater than the combined borrowing powers of the three countries unamalgamated; and as one of the greatest needs for the development of Eastern Africa is capital, and then more capital, a bold solution on the above lines would have the desired effect.

The question of the residence of the Governor-General is easy; alternate stays in Nairobi and Zanzibar on the lines of the Indian move to Simla from Delhi would suit the case most adequately—and excellent accommodation exists in both places for this purpose.

Emphasis must again be laid on the supreme power of veto of the Governor, which is an essential safeguard of the conditions under which we occupy any position whatever in East Africa.

Once the political horizon in Eastern Africa is cleared and the outlook is set "fair," there will be no difficulty in raising the large sums necessary to open out even further this immensely fertile and populous land; but until a really large-minded and permanent way out of the present difficulties is found, England will continue to loan large sums to foreign countries rather than to the last of her large and undeveloped possessions.

In conclusion, the writer admits that countless alterations and suggestions—all of them sound, and based on real experience—can be made to the above scheme; but if the widest point of view, not based on personal advantage to individual groups or communities, blended with a real goodwill towards sound progress in Eastern Africa, is contributed by all interested, a new and brighter era for this great country, which has fascinated all who have been connected with it, will soon dawn.

A Splendid Scoundrel

By Commander Lord Teignmouth, R.N.

One hundred years ago there passed away, in the person of Ali Pasha, Vizier of Albania, the most able, rapacious, cruel and bloodthirsty tyrant that ever disgraced even a Turkish administration. Commencing his marvellous career at the age of sixteen, under the guidance of a mother—described as of "ferocious energy of character"—and without a possession in the world beyond a piastre and his trusty *musquet*, he nevertheless succeeded, through indomitable will, dauntless courage and sheer ruthlessness, in hacking his way through all opposition, until, by the removal of every rival, he had gathered into his own hands the reins of power throughout Epirus, Greece and Thessaly—almost up to the walls of Salonica, and finally established himself so securely in the seats of the mighty that not even the Sultan, his nominal master, dared say "nay" to him. An astonishing career, surely, for a man who had never received even the limited education of an Albanian chief, or travelled beyond the confines of his own country!

To catalogue the enormous crimes of this once-famous Vizier would not only exhaust the patience of a Job, but satiate a Hun. Even grave historians, who eschew exaggeration and strong language, refer to Ali Pasha as "an able, unscrupulous and cruel man," "the greatest of the Turkish Viceroys and the most brutal barbarian of his age"; while a contemporary, describing the Vizier when his fame was at its zenith and reports of his atrocities were shocking the civilised peoples of Europe, wrote of him as "one of those sanguinary despots who would deluge the world with blood and compromise every principle of honour or faith to accomplish the objects of his towering ambition: revenge and cruelty, treachery and cunning, were his chief qualifications." In plain English, Ali Pasha was by far the worst unhung criminal in Europe.

One of Ali's earliest exploits was what our historians term " the usurpation of the Pashalic of Janina "—in other words, his seizure of the capital, in 1788. There were numerous candidates for the post. The one, however, whom the inhabitants were determined not to have as their ruler was Ali Pasha; and a strongly worded petition to that effect had been submitted to the Sultan. But Ali was equally bent on seizing the post; and his method of procedure was characteristic.

Hearing from his agents at Constantinople that the hostile petition had been favourably considered in the Divan, if indeed it had not already received the Sultan's approval, Ali determined to forestall its arrival. Swiftly assembling a body of reliable troops, he appeared before the city gates with a forged Decree of the Sultan's, appointing him to the vacant pashalic; and demanded admittance. The inhabitants, though suspicious, dared not ignore the decree, especially when backed by force, and threw open the gates. The moment Ali found himself in possession, he proceeded, by means of persuasion, bribery, and threats, to procure a counter-petition, in favour of himself, extensively signed, and duly forwarded to Constantinople. He had already taken the precaution of securing certain influential Ministers' support by liberal douceurs; and the petition was duly granted: the Sultan, poor fellow, being doubtful of his ability to eject the man in possession.

An adventurer, who could thus snatch the Governorship of a Province, and then extort the Sultan's approval of the coup, must have been a man of real grit.

Amongst other misdemeanours imputed to Ali Pasha were his intrigues successively with Russia, France, and Great Britain. As regards the former of these, it is notorious that, during the war between Turkey and Russia, in 1787, Ali entered into treasonable relations with Prince Potemkin, in order to safeguard his own position in case of defeat. Certain it is that he received from this exalted personage a watch set with diamonds—" which he still has the impudent vanity to show to visitors," wrote a contemporary. Ali's conduct on that occasion supplies the clue to all his subsequent dealings with foreign Powers. Every engagement was entered into with a view, solely, to

his own aggrandisement—to be discarded the moment it had served its purpose, and a new alliance formed.

The microbe of unsatisfied ambition was now busily at work in the Vizier's brain; and the French Revolutionary wars afforded him the desired opportunity of figuring on a wider stage than that of Albania. As was said of Sultan Selim I., Ali's predominant passions were—"a cruelty inexorable, an obstinacy invincible, and an ambition immeasurable." At an early period of the Revolution its agents visited Ali Pasha and tried to persuade him to throw off the Sultan's yoke and assume the independent rulership of Epirus. The rise of Napoleon to power, as evangelist of the new gospel of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," appearing to Ali—ever on the alert to reap advantage from other folk's troubles—to offer chances of gratifying his territorial ambitions, he, with wonted subtlety, feigning sympathy with the "Principles of the Revolution"—the grimmest joke ever perpetrated by that "brutal barbarian"—made overtures to Napoleon with a view to launching a joint attack on the Porte. The all-conquering general being then in Italy, Ali's agent was sent across the water to interview him and to state the conditions on which the Vizier was willing to act against the Sultan, his master; the most important of which was to the effect that, in the event of failure, Napoleon would protect him from the consequences of his treachery. In the sequel Napoleon, with a view, ultimately, of using the Vizier's army for the promotion of his own deep designs, sent Ali artillery and munitions of war, together with skilled engineers, to improve the defences of his capital; while the Vizier, hoping to gain possession eventually, through the French, of the ex-Venetian towns on his seaboard, seized the opportunity of attacking a troublesome rival on the coast, north of Corfu. Then, by way of proving his loyalty to the Sultan, he led his army against Paswan Oglou, of Widin, who was in rebellion.

The Porte having declared war on France (1798), in consequence of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt, Ali offered to undertake the reduction of the ex-Venetian towns on the coast, now held by the French; and commenced operations by a shameful act of treachery. Inviting the French

Adjutant-General at Corfu, General Rosas—a personal friend and frequent visitor at his Court—to a conference, Ali caused him to be arrested, and, according to report, subjected to torture, for the extraction of information concerning the defences of Corfu. The unfortunate officer was then sent to Constantinople, where he was clapt in the common jail; and notwithstanding the friendly intervention of Captain Sir Sydney Smith, R.N. (an enemy), on his behalf, the wretched man eventually succumbed to ill-treatment.

The Vizier's next move was to lay siege to the ex-Venetian towns, all of which, with the exception of Parga—which proved too hard a nut to crack—were captured: the sequel, in each case, being the cold-blooded massacre of the Greek inhabitants—the invariable fate of every place which resisted Ali's encroachments. Prevesa, the most important of these, on the north side of the entrance to the Gulf of Arta, a busy flourishing port, fared the worst. For, after depriving such Greek inhabitants as survived of their lands and houses, and distributing these amongst his Albanian followers, Ali demolished two-thirds of the town, destroyed the churches, and with forced labour built an immense combined fortress and palace.

Ali's negotiations with foreign Powers were now conducted as if he was head of an independent State. Thus, during the discussions preceding the Treaty of Tilsit (July, 1807), between Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander, the Vizier sent a special envoy, with instructions to press his claims to the possession of the Ionian Islands—which he impudently asserted were a part of Albania. Failing in this, the envoy was to use his utmost endeavours to obtain Parga, a fortified town on the seaboard, opposite the island of Paxo, which, as affording a refuge to fugitives from Ali's tyranny, had long proved a thorn in his side. To the last request Napoleon retorted with a crushing indictment of the Vizier's habitual disregard of treaty obligations. The document containing this was sent direct to the French representative at Janina, with orders to hand it, in person, to Ali.

Disappointed in hopes of getting anything more out of the French, Ali turned to England—under the conviction that, though the former were in possession of the Ionian

Islands, these, together with Parga, would fall eventually to the power that was supreme at sea.

The situation in the eastern Mediterranean was as follows. Great Britain, having been inveigled by her ally Russia into hostilities with the Porte, was then deserted by the Emperor Alexander, who, under the terms of the Treaty of Tilsit, had entered into fresh engagements with the "Tyrant of Europe." Being desirous, however, of resuming friendly relations with the Porte, the good offices of Ali Pasha—whose influence at Constantinople was well known—were invoked; and after prolonged negotiations—conducted under great difficulties owing to the persistent opposition of the French representative at the Porte—a treaty, known as the "Peace of the Dardanelles," was at last concluded, in January, 1809.

To what extent England was indebted to the Vizier of Albania for this fortunate ending of an unsought quarrel will never be known. But Ali Pasha, in his desire to place Great Britain under obligations to himself, lost no opportunity, when conversing with distinguished visitors—Lord Byron amongst others—of extolling the greatness of his own services, with a view to extorting a *quid pro quo* from the British Government—in the form of the much-coveted Parga—or, preferably, Corfu, which Ali now regarded as a possible haven-of-refuge in case of trouble with the Porte. In the sequel, Ali was sent a ship-load of artillery and munitions, with which he had to be content—for the present.

This gift of war material was intended by the donors for use against the French, who were threatening Albania from the north, and whom the Vizier, according to his own professions, was longing to attack, and only held back by lack of munitions. *A propos*, it may be well to mention, here, that, early in the year (1807), Ali had persuaded Napoleon to send him artillery and munitions to enable him to attack the Russians—then holding the Ionian Islands—in order to prevent them annoying the French in Dalmatia. In the sequel, the present from the British Government was used for quite other purposes: namely, for the furtherance of his own designs, in the destruction of a rival who was securely installed, as he believed, in Berat; which important city was captured, chiefly, we

learn, by the use of Congreve rockets, large supplies of which formed part of the British present. This was the kind of duplicity practised by Ali most successfully throughout the remaining period of the war.

One of the first to discover and to complain of Ali's methods of fulfilling engagements was Lord Collingwood, commanding the British fleet in the Mediterranean. He wrote—" Before he (Ali Pasha) got the cannon, etc., which were necessary for the attack, nothing else was needed—his army was numerous, his power great; he waited only for our concluding peace with the Porte, to declare his alliance with England. The peace is concluded, and he has got his cannon, and now he reveals overtures made to him by the French, which he doubtless means should be considered as the reason why he suspends hostilities against them." And so it went on, to the end: the Vizier steadfastly declining to lift a finger on England's behalf, while making all sorts of proposals. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* thus justly summed up the behaviour of that faithless pseudo-ally—" Ali Pasha certainly did receive from us more countenance than either his character or services deserved. And it was soon found that his conduct was not to be depended upon; and, in fact, he never did anything for us whatever, except to supply provisions at a dear rate—a favour extended at the same time to our enemies—in violation of the blockade."

In spite of the Vizier's ambitions, the part he actually played in the Napoleonic wars was insignificant, as well as discreditable. He disgusted each of his allies, in turn, by duplicity; and so far as the fulfilment of his desires was concerned, experienced nothing but disappointment. On the other hand, it is certain that the Powers gained no real advantage from their pseudo-alliances: Ali bested them all round, proving more than a match for the most astute politicians in Europe.

Having firmly established himself as, virtually, independent ruler of Epirus, Greece, and Thessaly, and possessed himself of all the ex-Venetian settlements on his seaboard, the Vizier employed the few remaining years, previous to being called to account for his stewardship, in the construction of immense fortified palaces, wherein he might seek refuge from the Nemesis he had

so wantonly provoked by the orgy of bloodshed—to say nothing of lesser crimes which had marked his career. For with all his assumed indifference to the opinions of his own subjects, Ali Pasha occasionally suffered from the scourgings of an outraged conscience, as shown by the reply he gave to the French Consul, on that gentleman observing—"he could not believe his highness's enemies went so far as to desire his death." "What?" retorted Ali, "there is not a minute of the day in which they do not offer up prayers to heaven for my destruction: how could it be otherwise? During the past forty years I have caused 30,000 persons to be hung and put to death in various ways"; adding, with a burst of his wonted sardonic laughter, "their hatred, however, will not affect my health!"

There was no part of his career from which the Vizier derived greater satisfaction than from the butcheries of people who had dared to oppose his will. And when depressed, the recital of these horrible atrocities, by his secretaries, always sufficed to restore his spirits. Early in his career, the inhabitants of a town—Khormovo by name—offered an unforgivable insult to his family. Many years afterwards the chance offering of wreaking his vengeance on the offenders, Ali fell upon them sword in hand; and while the greater part of the inhabitants were massacred by his troops, one of the chiefs, named Prifti, was actually roasted alive on a spit by Ali's orders.

This dreadful deed was pompously commemorated in a song by an Albanian poet—

> They cut and hew them like sheep in the butchery.
> * * * * * * *
> He (Ali) treads on the bodies and is not yet satisfied;
> For Ali is resolved to leave not a soul.
> * * * * * * *
> Ali commanded them to find the Tzaus Prifti.
> The unhappy man was hidden in the midst of blood.
> The dark Khormovo became a ruin,
> And Tzaus Prifti became roast meat in the frying-pan.

The worst instance of the Vizier's ferocity was the fate reserved for the adjoining town of Ghardaki, the inhabitants of which had been the chief offenders in the insult to his family. Having nursed his revenge for forty years, Ali vented it in the most awful manner. Assembling

about 600 of the male inhabitants in a walled enclosure, encircled with troops, at a preconcerted signal fire was opened on the helpless crowd and kept up until all signs of life had ceased. The gates were then secured: the bodies being left to rot, as they fell; and a long inscription was placed over the door, commencing—"He that wishes to destroy the House of Ali will be sure to lose his life, etc., etc.," and concluded thus—"When I (Ali Pasha) consider this terrible slaughter, I am much grieved, and I desire that so great an evil shall never occur again."

This dreadful event took place on March 27th, 1812. The perpetrator was especially proud of it, and usually enjoined travellers to visit the scene of desolation which a once-prosperous town now presented: for the Vizier caused Ghardaki to be razed to the ground. He thus light-heartedly announced the horrible deed to his late visitor, Byron: "He tells me," wrote the poet to a friend, "that, last spring, he took a town, where, forty-two years ago, his mother and sister were treated as Miss Cunegunde was by the Bulgarian cavalry. He selects all the survivors of the exploit—children, grandchildren, etc., to the tune of six hundred, and has them shot before his face."

"Before age had chilled his blood," wrote one who was personally acquainted with the Vizier, "his sensuality was unbounded"; and the writer further informs us that, wherever his satellites heard of a beautiful child of either sex, they dragged it from the paternal roof, and massacred the family or burnt the village if resistance was offered. One of the most beautiful females of his harem was thus torn from the altar while she was pledging her vows to the son of the Primate of Vonitza, who, half demented with the loss, blew his own brains out.

Lord Byron and his companion, Hobhouse, during their visit to Janina, in 1809, were, by the Vizier's orders, quartered in the luxurious apartments of a wealthy Greek merchant, named Demetrio Athanasi. A later traveller, describing a visit to an Albanian town remote from the capital, wrote—"A miserable small tenement is now the residence of this unfortunate family who had been accustomed to all the comforts and luxuries of life"; and he goes on to explain—"The cause of this worthy man's

exile and punishment, and confiscation of property, is enough to make one shudder at the insufferable tyranny of which he is the victim: it was the refusal to permit one of his beautiful children to become a victim of the despot's lust within the walls of his accursed harem."

We are further informed by a writer who spent some time in the Vizier's dominions, and had been honoured with several interviews, that "such shocking scenes are reported to be witnessed within his harem, that even the Turks speak of them with abhorrence." The female occupants of Ali's seraglio numbered some 500. As he tired of them he gave them, as wives, to favoured officers of his household and to foreigners in his employ.

The Vizier's palaces at Janina were maintained on a scale of extraordinary splendour. According to reliable report, provisions were prepared for nearly 1,500 persons, daily. Some of the finest stanzas in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* are those in which Byron describes the scenes witnessed in the Vizier's palaces, both at the capital and at Tepeleni, where Ali was then residing. The visits of foreign travellers were much encouraged by Ali; and when provided with letters of introduction they were treated with great consideration. Their professed admiration for the splendour of the Vizier's surroundings pandered to his vanity. Byron, Dr. Holland, and others experienced the utmost hospitality during their stay.

Ali's avarice—which proved his undoing at last—prompted him to the meanest actions conceivable as a means of "raising the wind." An English traveller expressing surprise at the distress of his host on receiving some trifling present from the Vizier, it was explained that a return present, or a money douceur, of at least twice the value was expected by the tyrant.

In 1814, an English ship laden with sword-blades put into Prevesa, for the purpose of finding a market. When Ali heard of this, he declared that not a single blade should be sold unless the Englishman gave him a commission of two dollars on each blade. As this was the price of the sword-blades, the merchant informed Ali the thing could not be done. "Not be done!" exclaimed Ali, "I 'll see to that!" Accordingly, a detachment of Albanian soldiers was sent round, ordering the people to

buy the blades at four dollars each; and the merchant soon got rid of his stock. Ali gave the merchant two dollars for each blade sold, keeping the other two for himself—by which he cleared 4,000 dollars.

The Vizier's palace at Tepeleni having been burnt down, his active and fertile brain devised an ingenious plan for its restoration—without the least expense to himself. He first issued a proclamation stating that "The vengeance of heaven had fallen on him, and that he no longer had a home in the town of his ancestors. He called therefore upon his loving subjects to assist him in his distress." A day was named on which he expected their attendance; and on that day Tepeleni was crowded with deputies from all parts of his dominions, friends, relatives, and children. At the gate of the Seraglio, Ali was seen seated on a dirty mat, on the ground, cross-legged and bare-headed, with a red Albanian cap in his hand to receive the contributions. He had previously—with wonted cunning—supplied his retainers with large sums of money, which they now presented to him, as free-will offerings. When therefore any person handed him a sum less than was expected, he would compare it with what he called "the liberality of others who," he declared, "had deprived themselves of even the necessaries of life for his sake"; adding, "what good will this do for Ali, a man afflicted by the Divine vengeance? Take it back, and keep it for your own necessities." The hint sufficed to double, or treble, the gift.

Thus Ali collected sufficient funds, not only to rebuild his palace, but to add to the treasures of his garden: the care of which, by the by, was entrusted to two Italians, deserters from the French army at Corfu, who had been provided with partners from Ali's harem. Even the musicians for his private band had been virtually stolen from the regimental bands at Corfu.

Oppressive, ruthless, and cruel, as Ali Pasha undoubtedly was, his administration was characterised by measures bespeaking a degree of enlightenment scarcely to be expected from a savage. Thus, while it was impossible to traverse adjoining pashalics without the certainty of being robbed, if not murdered, travellers could move about in safety throughout the Vizier's domains. And while he extorted an immense sum from the merchants of

Janina it secured them from the exactions of petty officials. No one was permitted to practise robbery or extortion but the Vizier—a royal privilege most jealously guarded—the slightest infringement of which was apt to entail a barbarous punishment.

No person was allowed to leave the Vizier's domains without his permission, which was extremely difficult to obtain. Thus, while merchants were encouraged to visit other countries before setting up in business—and advantage was frequently taken of this to spend three or four years in mercantile establishments at Trieste, Vienna, Leghorn, and Genoa—to ensure their return, relatives would be held as security.

In spite of "progressive" measures, such as the construction of roads and bridges, to facilitate commerce, Ali Pasha had no conception of "personal service" for the public weal. Improvements were introduced solely for the promotion of his own selfish interests; and were usually ruined by the meanest and most contemptible avarice. It was from the same impulse he favoured the promotion of learning, and "ostentatiously advised teachers to pay attention to the morals of their pupils." He even lectured the Greek Bishops on "the importance of inculcating religious principles."

It was remarkable that none of the Vizier's vices were reflected in his countenance. In truth, the benign aspect it was wont to assume before visitors afforded no true index of its owner's character. As Byron wrote:—

> Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
> While gentleness her milder radiance throws
> Along that aged venerable face,
> The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

The poet's companion, Hobhouse, described the Vizier as possessing a "very pleasing face, fair and round, with quick blue eyes, not at all settled into a Turkish gravity." Dr. Holland, who visited the country later and attended Ali professionally, compared the spirit which lurked under his placid exterior to "the fire of a stove, burning fiercely under a smooth and polished surface."

In the year 1820, Ali allowed himself to be persuaded by flatterers that the time was opportune for asserting his independence; whereupon he ignored the command of the Sultan, his master, to repair to Constantinople. This

defiance of authority set the Imperial troops in motion against him, as a rebel. And though, owing to the imbecility of their leaders, the fatal day was staved off for a year or more, Nemesis was not to be baulked. On February 5th, 1822, the once-powerful and dreaded Ali Pasha was struck down by the treacherous blow of an assassin—a fate to which hundreds of his wretched victims had been consigned. His head was despatched by the Sultan's orders to Constantinople, where it was exhibited over the gate of the seraglio.

The barbarous massacres which disgraced Ali Pasha's reign betokened a firm belief in the favourite maxim of Tamerlane—that "A King is never safe unless the foot of his throne swims in blood." The world was well rid of such a monster. Though impartial in his blood-lettings —his crowning act of barbarity, strange to relate, being inflicted on a purely Mussulman community—Ali's contempt for his Greek subjects was ostentatiously displayed on every possible occasion; so much was this the case that he might have been supposed to be the chosen instrument for giving effect to a measure which had been seriously proposed in the Divan, for exterminating the entire Greek race—a proposal which was only allowed to sleep by the Capudan Pasha asking the sagacious counsellors of the Empire—"Who was henceforth to pay haratch (capitation tax)?"

Two questions suggest themselves after a survey of Ali Pasha's career:—First, why was this bloodthirsty monster sent into the world? Secondly, what useful purpose could he possibly have served? To the first it is impossible for anyone, in the present state of human knowledge, to give a satisfactory reply. To the second question it may be answered that Ali, by his armed defiance of the Sultan, not only made possible a general rising of the Greeks throughout the Ottoman dominions in Europe, but imparted to the movement the initial momentum, without which the rising would have fizzled out.

That Ali Pasha, the Sultan's most powerful satrap, and chief persecutor of the Greeks, should have been the chosen instrument for giving shape to their desire for freedom is surely one of the most striking examples of the irony of fate that history affords.

Volterra and her Superb Fortezza

By E. E. Bloomfield

We left Florence by public auto on a *giro*, or round tour of several hours, during which you get a peep at the most delightful little Italian hill towns. The crowning townlet of Volterra at a height of 1,500 ft. is the culminating beauty point of the Tuscan *giro*.

The 'bus of the Società Italiana di Trasporto Automobile, commonly called Sita, is a noisy affair, but then Italians love *allegramento*, and it must be said of her that she gets you to your destination via roads that are not to be seen in any other way. In the glorious spring sunshine you bear anything for the sake of the beauty which is revealed to you at every turn. Past San Gemignano of the many towers, Colle and Val d'Elsa, we wound up and up, and as we progressed it seemed as though a quiet and beautiful cinema (why can't one get away from it to-day?) was being unfolded before our sun-drunk gaze, as we watched the patient white oxen ploughing with their friends the *contadini*, the quaint, fussy, little one-horse buggies dashing at breakneck speed over the dizzy road, and the Madonna-faced women and fat children, there seem to be none others in Italy, as they moved among the blossoming trees. Oh! the Tuscan country in blossom! No superlative of which the Italian tongue is so prodigal can exaggerate its enchanting beauty!

We went on and on, passing from ecstasy to ecstasy, till we rolled on to the Piazza at Volterra, and parted temporarily and unregretfully from Sita.

I never go to official hotels if I can help it, so we "mouched" in search of lunch and found the ideal little *trattoria* perched on the ramparts. Looking out of the window of the dining-room, one had the impression of being in an aeroplane, for there seemed nothing between

the sill and the endless purple sea of mountains which undulated beneath our fascinated gaze. It is the most beautiful and soul-satisfying panoramic view I have ever seen. Swiss panoramas I know, and always find them rather boring, but the panorama from the Volterran rampart is a thing unique in my somewhat varied experience; unique in colour, unique for variety of incident in the landscape, and unique in awakening the historical imagination of the beholder.

We had an excellent *collazione* for ten lire each, including coffee and liqueurs, after which we went in search of the Etruscan museum.

A rather lonely guardian did the honours, and there are many curious and interesting relics of the 300 B.C. Etruscan ancestors of the present Volterrans, which I have not the space to enumerate here.

The old streets, in which are many alabaster shops, Volterra's chief industry, are interesting historically and picturesquely. Drawn by the view, however, we came back to the battlements and the Porta San Francesco. Turning to our left as we passed the great Porta, we were suddenly confronted by a tremendous and impressive Thing—the fifteenth-century Fortezza which is just as Lorenzo the Magnificent left it. It took my breath away, so menacing and terrifying is its aspect, recalling, if it recalls anything, a combination of the Potala Palace at Lhasa and our own Windsor. It has, too, a very Royal Presence, and one felt the atmosphere of that " Majesty which doth hedge around a King " !

The great swoop of the southern wall, with the Bersaglieri patrolling its top, looking for all the world in their picturesque uniform as though they must be a company of " Lorenzo the Magnificent's Own," the awful Mastio tower, with its evil reputation and imposing appearance, were things that made one rub one's eyes and ask oneself, " Into what mediæval world had one strayed? " Above all, the Fortezza prison (now used for convicts serving life sentences) is a symbol of past epochs of past strength. It is a thing of beauty, too, because it has good proportion, *i.e.*, it is the outward expression of some Cosmic law which has been fulfilled, and fulfilled with passion in the execution. I could not tear myself away from its

contemplation. "'Tis not life that matters," the Mastio seemed to say, "but the courage you bring to it! Here am I still, unafraid though not unshattered. Look well at me, for you will never see the like of me again. I am a living death, and it is my penalty for what I did to others that I have to survive those great but cruel minds who conceived me, and in whose company I was at home."

The hold this stupendous pile has on the imagination is like the hold that some complex and great personality has on the average human being.

I could only be induced to leave the company of the Fortezza when Sita's insistent hoot recalled reality, and the unpleasant necessity of returning to the plain inside her; for acquaintance with Sita's anatomy is the price you have to pay for viewing one of the marvels of the world. So far, thanks to that peculiarity, Volterra has escaped the tourist crowd. I am looking forward to another visit consequently, and am willing to pay for it again in the same way!

The Art of the Cinema

By Betty Balfour

Mr. St. John Ervine, in a recent appreciation of Duse, wrote, " It was not necessary to understand what she was saying because we understood what she was feeling." In other words, a writer, than whom there is no more obstinate traducer of the Art of the Cinema, has set a seal of greatness upon an art that can dispense with language. He implies, in fact, that Duse would have been a great film actress. Her art is, indeed, the art of self-expression so perfected that the voice is unnecessary, the self-same art that we practise in the films. To appreciate or try to understand Cinema Art one must dispossess oneself of all thoughts of the theatre in particular and of literature and other forms of art in general. Critics whose only knowledge is of the theatre, or of literature or other arts, have no right or qualification to criticise an art of which they are entirely ignorant, and which frequently they do not even attempt to study. Too much damage has been done by these people; they prejudice appreciation of the cinema as an art, and even mislead film artists, both producers and players, into trying to adapt stage technique to the requirements of the film, between which there is little connection. They are, in fact, widely different.

The cinema is an entirely new medium of expression, and perhaps the most wonderful of all. It is an art and not a trick, as many people would have you believe. Film artists are not puppets—things without soul—neither is their art merely a matter of grimacing. The puppets, the *poseurs*, the persons who merely grimace, are speedily discovered by the most stern and rigid of judges, the camera, and are inevitably consigned to eventual oblivion.

Sincerity is the keynote of Cinema Art; it is impossible to progress on sham and artificiality. A film artist must live the part—actions and expressions are useless without feeling. Much of the action of a film plot is conveyed not

by movement but through the eyes alone, which are the mirror of the soul, and will unfailingly betray any lack of brain effort or sincerity. The strain and concentration thereby imposed is both heavy and of a very different character from the physical and mental strain of playing before an audience. Stage artists who come to the film studio immediately discover that their greatest difficulty is to find some influence to compensate for that of the missing audience. The reason is that a theatre audience gives its vitality to the stage artist, whereas the film artist has to give his or her vitality to the inanimate and unresponsive camera —there is no telepathy of goodwill from the audience. I had a remarkable experience of this not long ago when playing a music-hall scene in the Welsh-Pearson film, *Love, Life and Laughter*. When Mr. Pearson was photographing the big views of this scene, I played before an audience. At the end of a whole day's work I was not a bit tired and could have gone on playing for hours. Subsequently, I had to play in " close-up " scenes without the audience, and I found one " close-up " more exhausting than all the rest of the scenes put together.

Consider the character of the " audience " before which a film artist plays—the camera—a one-eyed, deaf and dumb spectator, incapable of imparting vitality or encouragement, but an uncompromising detector of flaws in appearance, personality and performance. One cannot challenge the opinions of this critic, its record is final. On the stage distance lends enchantment, but the film artist cannot keep at a distance; talent may compensate for personality behind the footlights, but the artist without personality gets a chilly reception from the camera; " theatricalities " may succeed with an audience, but the camera shows them up for what they are. Your one-eyed spectator is at a disadvantage in that it cannot with its one eye take in as much action as can a spectator with two eyes; and so that he does not miss anything of importance, the film artist is obliged to be particularly careful to see that the essential action " registers." The art of cinema-acting is to appear natural, but a comprehensive knowledge of technique is required to produce the desired effect, and in this technique the matter of timing is all-important. Spontaneity registers on the stage and in life, but it does not register on the cinema

screen. Improper timing may produce totally unexpected and ineffective, if not contrary, results—serious action easily becomes humorous, and *vice versâ*, through being played too fast or too slow. The "swift, sudden right" of a boxing hero, if played naturally, does not register at all except as a jerky, incomprehensible movement, so that the blow has to be delivered more slowly than it would be naturally, but not so slowly as to appear ludicrous. It is not, however, so simple a matter to judge the correct timing of the blow as it might seem, and the difficulty is increased enormously when the action to be registered is entirely a matter of expression and not of physique. To appreciate this point one has only to stand before a mirror and discover what different action may be conveyed by different timings of a glance. Timing is just like shorthand—incorrect timing, like an imperfectly made stroke, may convey an entirely different meaning.

It is difficult to indicate in a formula the technique of the screen. As with the technique of other arts, there is no A B C of it. It means doing everything and only that which the camera will understand. "Grey matter" and sincerity, as I have already indicated, are essential, and allied to these there must be an earnest and constant striving for perfection. The technique of the screen is not learned in five minutes; those who have studied it longest learn the most. In screen drama restraint is indispensable, in comedy one must be no less sincere and the development of individualism is of primary importance. The difference between comedy on the stage and comedy on the screen is that whereas on the stage it is generally the expected that the audience laughs at, on the screen it is generally the reverse—it is the unexpected that most frequently invites laughter.

So a film artist must first completely master the details of screen technique and thereafter constantly study their application, as a *prima ballerina* constantly practises elementary movements, and the *prima donna* or the *virtuoso* constantly practise their scales.

Unqualified critics sometimes suggest that there is no art in the cinema and that it is all a trick, meaning thereby that it is a product of mechanics. Mechanics are essential to any art, and the mechanics of Cinema Art are merely

the material with which the artist works. The painter works with canvas, palette and pigment, but what he produces with them is the result of his own artistic endeavour. A film producer may tell his architect to design a room, give instructions to the carpenter to build it, the decorator to embellish it, the property man to furnish it, and the electricians to provide lamps to light it; but how these materials are utilised to make a screen picture is entirely a matter of the producer's own art. Every development of photography helps him, and through it the cinema offers greater scope than any other art. It is an art of suggestion which stimulates imagination (in spite of Mr. St. John Ervine's opinion to the contrary), and its possibilities for symbolism are wonderful. Even fantasy lies within the immediate bounds of its possibilities, and very soon it will achieve even the effective creation of a Barrie atmosphere.

It is already apparent that the British film artist is definitely set upon attaining an individualism characteristic of British individualism in other arts. British artists have an advantage over their American contemporaries in that they are, on the whole, more inspired by ideals and that essential sincerity which is sometimes lacking in some of the films produced across the water. This implies no disparagement of the real American cinema artist, whose art often reaches a very high standard; but in making a general comparison of Cinema Art in Great Britain and America, I think it may justifiably be claimed that, on the whole, there is more sincerity in the former, and I am fully convinced that it will ultimately lead.

The cinema is the greatest of modern gifts to mankind. As an educational factor its importance is scarcely yet realised, but as entertainment it has seized upon the imagination of all races, and its appeal to democracy is greater by far than that of any other medium of expression that the world has ever known.

A Defence of the Panel System

By J. J. Day, O.B.E., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.P.H., Chairman Kent Local Medical and Panel Committees

A Reply to Dr. Blackhall-Morison

In the various articles dealing with the alleged failure of the panel medical system one is struck by the lack of evidence of failure. It seems, indeed, a case of giving a dog a bad name. Dr. Blackhall-Morison's article is singularly unconvincing in its arguments. In fact, it is rather difficult to follow his arguments at all in some instances or to appreciate exactly his meaning. His main reasons for alleging the failure of the system appear to be that the panel does not include all practising members of the profession and that the scope of treatment is limited.

If one appreciates him correctly, he contends that the conditions under which panel doctors have agreed to work are so obnoxious that the cream of the profession has refused to submit to them, and in consequence the insured persons are robbed of its services on the panel. It is not surprising to find that the panel doctors do not agree with this contention. They do not allow that the non-panel men are, in fact, the cream of the profession, and assert that there are many more really good men on the panel than there are off it. And even the law of averages would seem to confirm that assertion. One would rather have a considered statement of the alleged obnoxious conditions than a series of generalisations; however, let us take Dr. Morison item by item. The first, and so, apparently, the most important, objection raised is to the official control of the doctors serving. Dr. Morison says that this places panel practitioners in a position of "professional servitude," and, later, quotes Dr. Marsh, of Cheshire: "The drawback to the service is the certification and the inquisition." . . . "Medical men ought to be trusted to do their work in their own way, and not be supervised like a lot of schoolboys." . . . "We are regulated, inspected, insulted, and the worry of all this is

detrimental to the attention we should be quietly devoting to our proper work."

The position in this regard is transparently clear. The system is a State system and involves an annual expenditure of very large sums of State money. It is unthinkable that such expenditure should not be adequately supervised. No system could be devised in which there was not some measure of supervision, and it is safe to assert that, no matter what form the supervision took, nor by whom it was exercised, those persons who object to the present method would object to the future; it is the principle they object to. The writer, in his capacity of member and chairman of an important local medical and panel committee, has never failed in pointing out that regulations and supervision are brought about by the faults of doctors themselves. It is precisely because there exists a proportion of doctors who *cannot* be trusted to do their work in their own way satisfactorily, that supervision is necessary and that regulations have to be made. On the contrary, there are many thousands of doctors who have worked under the Acts since their inception who have done so without complaint being brought against them, and who scarcely have been conscious of the existence of either supervision or regulations. These are the men who, aptly, may be described as the cream of the profession; the men who give of their skill exactly alike to all, panel or private; the men whose work sets the standard on which the regulations are based; the men who are described (and do not object so to be described) as "general practitioners of ordinary competence and skill." They are not vocal, and it is time the attention of the public was drawn to the existence of this large, silent body of men between the somewhat loud-voiced minorities at either end of the professional chain. Long experience of the administration of the Acts has led to the conclusion that the opponents of the system among the doctors are divided mainly into two groups—one consisting of sound, good men who object to supervision and regulations because they, personally, seldom or never need such. Their attitude is, "Why should I submit to the degradation of being *ordered* to do my work in the way I habitually do do it?" To some this may appear a curious attitude, but yet it is understandable. The other group includes those whose con-

sistent indifference to their duties has led to the institution of supervision and the formulation of many regulations. Their objections are readily understandable.

Dr. Morison next states that "the doctor must be careful that his prescription does not cost more than a minimum sum, or remain liable for the refund of the excess price." In this he betrays actual ignorance, for this is not the case. The insured person can, and usually does, get any drugs which his doctor may consider necessary for the treatment of his case, no matter the cost. Only a few days ago the writer was present at an Insurance Committee meeting when an account for £6 18*s*. for patent asthma cures was sanctioned for repayment to an insured person. The panel doctor was under the impression that he could not prescribe these particular remedies as they were "proprietary" articles, and they were purchased at the patient's expense. The Committee immediately reimbursed the sum expended. Again, insulin is available for insured persons, together with other articles which many non-insured persons are unable to afford to obtain. The only doctor at all likely to be penalised is the man who exceeds through the careless and indiscriminate way in which he prescribes. The writer is chairman of a medical sub-committee which deals with the question of alleged excessive prescribing. On many occasions, practitioners, instead of being aggrieved by the inquiry into their prescribing, have thanked the committee for calling their attention to the matter, and have stated that the information passed on to them would result in a saving in their drug bills for private dispensing. In the South-Eastern Division, which during the period has dealt with an average of about a million insured persons each year, in the last seven years 20,187,600 prescriptions have been dispensed at a cost of £709,356. For the county of Kent the amount paid to chemists in the year 1922 was no less than £33,686. If to this be added the amount paid to doctors who dispense for insured persons and the sum expended in the borough of Canterbury, a total of over £40,000 is reached, which does not indicate any disposition to penalise either patient or doctor.

Dr. Morison next takes exception to what he terms "the official definition" of the panel practitioner as "a general practitioner of ordinary competence and skill," and

suggests an improved definition. There are very many who will fail to appreciate the difference between the two definitions, and, anyway, definition does not make or mar the doctor. But when Dr. Morison proceeds to suggest that the panel doctor is precluded from using all his skill and knowledge on behalf of the insured person "beyond what he regards as the money value of the capitation grant," whatever that may mean, serious exception must be taken. Here he is condemning not the panel system, but the panel profession. There is no limit, beyond the doctor's capacity, to what a panel doctor may do for a panel patient. But, by the terms of his agreement, there are services outside the present scope of medical benefit for which he is entitled to charge the patient. There is nothing really strange in this; there are many services rendered to private patients for which a charge in addition to the ordinary fee is made. One of the duties of local medical committees is to adjudicate on claims for work done which is stated to be "outside the scope." It is a surprisingly difficult thing to adjudicate equitably, the standard of the majority being so high. It must be remembered that when the system was initiated it was not intended to do more than provide an ordinary average general practitioner service for the insured person. It seemed to be taken for granted that specialist service would be obtained as previously at the various hospitals. Of necessity, all doctors willing to serve on the panel had to be permitted to do so. And immediately the trouble began. Doctors, no matter to what pinnacle they have been elevated as a class, are, after all, but very ordinary, average human beings. Obviously, like every other walk of life, they may be divided roughly into the good, the average, and the indifferent. The inception of National Health Insurance did not produce these categories; they existed before, and they will continue to exist whether the panel system carries on or is done away with. But what the panel system *has* done is urgently to bring to the public notice the fact that all doctors are not on one plane of ability and, consequently, are not all equally capable of giving the same range of treatment. Hence the difficulty in fixing any exact scope of treatment. The natural outcome of any scheme of National Health Insurance must be the institution of a comprehensive range of treatment,

including all branches of medicine and surgery, so that any contributor should be entitled to receive any treatment whatsoever his condition may demand. That is universally recognised, and the only obstacle is the question of funds. But to say that National Health Insurance has failed because it does not yet embrace such a comprehensive range of treatment is folly as great as the suggestion that the scheme is a failure because the panel does not include all the practising members of the profession. Far from the system being a failure, there is abundant evidence to show that since its institution there has been a fall in the disabling sickness rate, and there is no doubt that the persons included under the purview of the Acts have been infinitely better cared for medically than ever before. The alleged general dissatisfaction of insured persons with the treatment they receive from panel doctors can be stated confidently not to exist. The only person who could make definite statements with regard to the whole system is the Minister of Health. The writer, however, can give facts for the county of Kent. In ten years, from an average of some 300,000 insured persons on doctors' lists in the county, only 149 complaints were received. On careful examination of the complaints received in the four years to date since the war, it is found that 65 complaints were made against doctors. Fourteen of these dealt with instances of irregular issue of certificates and were in no way concerned with questions of treatment. Eleven were cases of charging insured persons for treatment to which they were entitled free, and forty cases involved charges of alleged unsatisfactory treatment. Taking the last two groups together, out of 51 complaints 47 came up for investigation, and only 23 were found to be proved against the doctors involved.

In 1919 there was an average of one complaint among each 14,429 insured persons. In 1920 the complaints averaged one to each 27,256 persons. In 1921 there was one complaint among each 42,634 insured persons, and in 1922 the average was one to each 23,084 insured persons.

In 1919, 611 insured persons changed their doctor, while 244,680 were content to remain under the doctor of their original choice. In 1920, 743 changed and 271,820 did not. In 1921, 850 changed and 297,591 did not, and in 1922, 1,433 changed while 298,665 did not. During

these four years there was an average of over 400 doctors on the panel in the county, and the yearly average of doctors complained against was 9. These facts are not indicative of any general dissatisfaction, in Kent at all events. And when the complaints among the doctors against the system are similarly investigated they work out very much the same. In fact, one is compelled to the conclusion that the system of National Health Insurance is a good one and undoubtedly to the national advantage. It would be foolish, however, to suggest that there is not room for improvement in the present scheme, and the obvious thing to do is not to scrap it, but to seek to improve it and to render it as sound and useful as possible.

Among other defects the following are some of the most obvious :—

1. The want of absolute freedom of choice of doctor for the insured person. This the doctors are as anxious to remedy as any other people, and, at the recent conference of panel doctors, one of the main recommendations was that the insured person should have the right to change doctors at any time.

2. The inequality of benefits existing at the present time. In this respect again the doctors are pressing for reform, and are urging that there should be no inequality of benefit as between insured persons paying the same contributions. The most crying need for reform in this direction is in the case of "deposit contributors," who are penalised in a conspicuous way for their failure to become members of "approved societies." Surely, it should be easy to constitute them an "approved society" in themselves; there are enough of them!

3. The insufficiency of the scope of treatment. In this matter, again, the doctors are anxious for amendment. Their only requirement is that they should be fairly remunerated for any extra duties they may be called upon to perform. Ideas as to the cost of such an increased service are nebulous in the extreme, but it is safe to say that the cost involved would not be prohibitive, nor anything like so great as has been suggested in several quarters. Of course, any proposal for including "dependants" in the scheme is not considered in the above remarks. But their ultimate inclusion is inevitable.

From the purely professional point of view, the following exist, among other grievances :—

1. CERTIFICATES.—This matter has always been a cause of friction, and has become more complicated as time has gone on, until now there are six varieties of certificate to deal with, and a prospect of two more in the near future. Doctors are pressing for some simplification of this multiplicity of forms, and for some latitude in the furnishing thereof. The inspired genius in the Stationery Office who added to the doctors' grievances by making them the unwilling distributors of an advertisement printed on the back of one of these "confidential" forms is scarcely to be congratulated on his brilliant effort.

2. THE KEEPING OF RECORDS.—Feeling is mixed as regards this, but there is no doubt of a large volume of opinion which is urging relief in this direction. One reasonable suggestion is that only clinical records should be generally kept, and that if special records are required at any time, these should be kept by certain selected doctors who should be reasonably remunerated *from the doctors' funds* for the special work entailed.

3. COMPLAINTS.—Anxious to set their own house in order, doctors are pressing for legislation to ensure the removal from the panel of any practitioner who by consistent indifference to his duties endangers the good name of the panel service. But, at the same time, they are asking for reform in the method of dealing with complaints brought before the Insurance Committee. While welcoming criticism of the panel system from anyone, even Dr. Morison, whose acquaintance with the subject would seem to be academic rather than practical, one would like to gather the considered opinion of a practising panel doctor who is a whole-hearted objector to the panel system, and who only suffers it from reasons of pocket. One has met the "grouser," but not up to the present the root-and-branch eradicator. Similarly, one would like to hear the statement of the insured person who can advance considered reasons for scrapping the system. And, above all, one would like to hear how they propose to deal with the question. To revert to the pre-insurance state of affairs would be criminal.

Pillory

Mr. Garvin and "The Outlook"

We have already, in June, had occasion to advert to Mr. Garvin's strange affection for the Bolsheviks. That a journal like *The Observer*, appealing mainly to educated readers, the most of whom are presumably not more free from the taint of capitalism than they can help, should persistently advocate the recognition of the most malignant enemies of the capitalistic system of society, or of any conceivable variant of civilisation acceptable to educated people, is an enigma the more difficult to understand in the light of the fact that this journal has the same wealthy proprietor as that pillar of the Fourth Estate, *The Times*.

In his comments upon the Anglo-French-German crisis Mr. Garvin adopts the prophetic manner, once wittily described as "Mr. Garvin's weekly apocalyptic fit." When we read "All this is truth enough for one Sunday" we realise that we are in the presence of the law and the prophets. We must not merely uncover and abase ourselves but take off our shoes. With that second-sight which enables Mr. Garvin to penetrate the veil obscuring the motives of mere statesmen he is able to announce that the sinister policy of M. Poincaré is absolutely to repudiate all the financial obligations of France to England.

> We shall put the truth quite bluntly. . . . M. Poincaré has two objects—the break-up of Germany and the repudiation of the British Debt. There is as little doubt about the second object as about the first.

It would be idle in reply to quote M. Poincaré's denials of any such intention. The next few weeks, or days, will demonstrate the truth—or the untruth—of Mr. Garvin's wild accusation. His reputation for infallibility may be left to the course of events, but, in view of his record, it is unlikely that his passion for hysterical misrepresentation will be tempered by mere refutation.

Mr. Garvin's anti-French venom is not satisfied by this charge of intended repudiation of debt:—

French civilisation and power rest upon a black basis. . . . That is the keystone of French policy and the clue of Europe's fate. Europe is dominated by Africa and its black mercenaries.

According to Mr. Garvin, the 300,000 North African troops maintained by France, primarily to police her African territory,

are the foundation of M. Poincaré's policy. To suppose that all Europe can be subject perpetually to the armed domination of fifty million French and Belgians, plus 300,000 black men in tin helmets, is a theory only worthy of the brains of an ape.

There, appropriately, let us leave it. Mr. Garvin has evidently forgotten that, wherever British rule extends (or extended) in India, Egypt, Africa and the West Indies, we have invariably organised and trained coloured races for military service and we did not disdain their aid during the war. The suggestion that French policy rests upon African troops and that the future of Europe is threatened by a "semi-African hegemony" would be laughably fantastic were it not a peculiarly vile insult to our ally who helped to save our common civilisation and is at present engaged in the task of saving us from our failure to secure the results of victory.

Mr. Garvin's Rosinante, however, always carries him to Bolshevik Russia.

European equilibrium cannot be restored without the fullest *political* and commercial co-operation between Britain and Russia.

He is convinced that Great Britain can never expect to cope single-handed with the Napoleonic M. Poincaré (and his 300,000 African warriors) without the help of the Bolsheviks. Lord Curzon is, therefore, severely admonished for his hesitation in welcoming that evangelist of Soviet propaganda, M. Rakowsky.

The relations between Great Britain and Russia are of considerably more importance than anything which M. Rakowsky may or may not have said. It is futile to expect the advantages (of the trade agreement) if the conduct of official intercourse is to be complicated by a feeling against Russians, or dislike of Bolshevism, or anything else equally irrelevant.

M. Rakowsky, it is admitted, may have made violent anti-British utterances, or he may not. But that is irrelevant. All that matters, in the view of Mr. Garvin, who adopts the loftiest moral tone in his weekly sermons, is that we should abandon our last scruples and take to our

hearts the criminal authors of the most diabolical conspiracy against civilisation known to history.

Mr. Garvin is not averse from appeals to Christianity and the teachings of religion. He pretends, at times, to uphold the fundamental principles of civilisation—sanctity of life, property, and contract. A man of his brilliant intellectual gifts, who cannot plead the irresponsibility of exuberant youth, must know that all these rest upon a foundation of faith in a higher law of right, buttressed by the safeguards and conventions which civilisation has slowly evolved to prevent itself from falling to pieces.

Mr. Garvin can lash himself into a frenzy about the North African military policemen, whose record of conduct under their French officers has, in fact, been excellent, but he is equally indignant because a gang of criminals who usurped, and only hold, power by a system of bloodthirsty terrorism, who have done their utmost to extirpate religion, whose officials organise anti-religious orgies at which statues of Judas Iscariot are unveiled by prostitutes, and whose latest nominated envoy to Great Britain, Rakowsky, has hailed his appointment as an opportunity of hastening the destruction of the British Empire by Bolshevik-inspired revolution, should not immediately be welcomed and trusted as one of the family of equal and friendly nations.

Both France and America have refused official recognition of the Soviet on clearly stated grounds of public policy. Can any Englishman wish that this country should sacrifice the last shred of its honour for such a very problematical mess of pottage? Whatever trade there is to be done with Russia can be done without such pandering to the vanity of the scoundrels who are its temporary tyrants. It will be time enough to receive Russia once more into the comity of nations when its present masters have given place to leaders more truly representative of its unhappy people.

The inventive ardour of writers in the Press as to the precise form which the threatened " separate action " might take has probably been damped by doubts as to whether even the Government's ideas on the subject have crystallised into anything more concrete than an appeal to world opinion by the publication of Lord Curzon's exercises in dialectics. The leader writer of that very readable journal

The Outlook, which, sound on so many questions, has regrettably joined in the anti-Poincaré hunt, has taken his courage in both hands and produced, "A PLAN." He prefaces his remarks by a cruelly qualified approval of the Curzon Note:—

With the clarity, logic, and truth of Lord Curzon's [Note] we have only one quarrel. It deals with dead issues, it rushes forward with remedies for things that are past remedying, it is as though Sir Edward Grey had brought forward a brilliant and workable plan for the settlement of the dispute between Austria and Serbia, on the 5th day of August, 1914. The British Government pleads for an International Commission to assess German capacity to pay. It makes no proposals for setting up such a Commission at once, knowing that France has already irrevocably rebuffed this suggestion. What could such a Commission do, after our weakness, American abstention, and French ferocity and barbarism had destroyed the economic life of the German people? Again, there is the implied threat that we may send a reply to the reparations offer of June 7th. . . . . The reply, if and when we send it, will be like addressing an invitation to dinner to a man just carried out of his house in his coffin.

The great plan is then introduced by the following cheerful observations:—

New measures are needed to-day, bold, dangerous measures. No sane man jumps out of a third-floor window if he can help it, but when the house is on fire and no other means of escape remains, he takes the leap and with it his chance of life.

We shall be told that the two acts we are about to suggest . . . . involve the danger of war with France. Perhaps they are, politically, ahead of the possibilities of the moment. A great leader would not find them so. . . . If some such steps are not taken in the near future, then war with France and with it perhaps an end to our industrial civilisation . . . . will become inevitable. And what has made it inevitable will have been the temporising, the timidity, the moral cowardice, of a succession of British Ministries.

We believe that, failing French acceptance of our offer to arbitrate the differences between France and ourselves before any competent international Tribunal, this country should proceed to occupy the German ports. Our control of German exports and imports would enable us, after certain necessary measures of financial control had been taken in Germany, and after a reasonable time had elapsed, to obtain for ourselves, and other Allies who might associate themselves with our action, that modest share of Reparations which we have declared we mean to collect, and which France clearly intends to deny us.

Germany herself is fast drifting into anarchy and chaos, and would welcome such action, to-morrow if not to-day. If she did not welcome it, and remained in default, there is the Fleet. But Reparations would be only one, and not the strongest, motive to justify the course we have laid down. We could, through our control of Germany's ports, dominate all Central Europe, not only for our own advantage, but in the interests of peace, reconstruction, and revival of world trade, to the benefit of every other nation on this globe. . . . This country, burdened with debt, faced with a desperate unemployment crisis, must be *selfish*.

Is Mr. Baldwin then cast for the *rôle* of Napoleon? M. Poincaré must hide his diminished head.

People who plunge into contention without a plan are notoriously prone to clutch at some ill-conceived shift to get out of it, with the probable contrary result of getting deeper in; but we should hope that the worst folly that our Government could commit would be less fatal than that proposed by *The Outlook*. Why should action which is illegal, immoral and disastrous on the part of the French be justifiable on the part of the British? And how, if the French occupation of the Ruhr has destroyed German trade and ruined, not only Germany, but Europe, and particularly, British trade, could any benefit accrue from such a step?

The Outlook admits that by our own action we have yielded the complete military mastery of Europe to France. Does it suggest that in these circumstances we should seek a trial of strength with an admittedly superior Power over (according to *The Outlook*) the mere corpse of Germany? "The appearance of our warships at Hamburg in concert with Germany's political leaders" can only imply a military combination of Great Britain and Germany against France. Lord Curzon may write a good many more provocative Notes before we hear the whirr of bombing aeroplanes over London. But with Germany roused to active resistance, in concert with ourselves, Sir Percy Scott would be asking what would be the use of our battleships at Hamburg?

Even his midshipman knows the answer. It is unfortunate that, according to *The Outlook*, there is no alternative.

Books in Season

By L. Cope Cornford

PUBLISHERS, like partridges, have seasons. The simile is not, of course, exact, for no one is allowed to shoot a publisher at any time. The present moment, being the interval between the publishers' summer and autumn seasons, seems appropriate to the survey of the books of the last few months. Their number is so great, their contents are so various, that if a man should do nothing else but read all day and every day, he could not deal with the half of them. Nevertheless, of books which, as one may say, a person may read with pleasure and even instruction, there are but few. Hence it is that editors of newspapers, with a fine sense of philanthropy, maintain a staff of ladies and gentlemen of studious habits, who are called reviewers, and whose business it is to inform the public concerning the nature of the wares pouring forth from the mills of the publishers. These are the tea-tasters of literature. Much they reject; of the rest they will describe the flavour. The critic, as such, falls into a different category. It is his business to mark the relation of any given work to the class of literature to which it belongs and to interpret its meaning. Such an office, as it is highly valuable to the public, should be, but is not, paid in proportion. Sometimes a critic is heard bewailing the lack of an authoritative body of criticism in this country. The reason is, not that the men are lacking but that what may be delicately described as the emoluments of the business are so meagre. And often the best critics are the men who themselves are creators.

Such an one was the late Maurice Hewlett, whose little work, *Extemporary Essays*, published some months ago, is admirably written, and charged with knowledge, insight and fine taste. Maurice Hewlett was a romantic novelist, who drew much inspiration from history and from memoirs, and many of his essays treat of the matter of his studies. Others are inspired by direct observation of men and of

nature. These pieces were written in the seclusion of the country, where Hazlitt wrote his immortal essays.

Another novelist who has passed away, not, like Mr. Hewlett, after substantial achievement and in the fulness of years, but young and promising future accomplishment, is Miss Katherine Mansfield. Those who read the posthumous book of short stories, *The Doves' Nest*, including some unfinished pieces, will desire to obtain the previous works of this refined artist. She worked in fragile material with a touch of extraordinary delicacy. In the (unsigned) preface to *The Doves' Nest* are quoted extracts from Miss Mansfield's private notes, which indicate with what an anxious sincerity, with how austere a conscience, she approached her art.

Mr. H. G. Wells knows all about the art of fiction. When he likes, he can write admirably well. Why, then, does he choose to disobey the simple axiom that you cannot make a book with a double purpose without spoiling both? His *Men Like Gods* is extraordinarily ingenious, skilfully presented, and often charming. Its opening, like all Mr. Wells's openings, is excellent. And then, and then—the reader becomes uncomfortably aware that his consciousness is being invaded by Mr. Wells's theories, Mr. Wells's political preferences and aversions, and a kind of mist discourages the bright face of the story. Some time ago Mr. Wells issued a kind of challenge or manifesto, announcing the indefeasible right of the novelist to use the art of fiction to express any and every aspect of thought and theory and life. Nobody had the courage to tackle Mr. Wells, and he has had his way ever since, with *Joan and Peter*, *The Soul of a Bishop*, *The Secret Places of the Heart*, and the rest. And the result sufficiently proves, what indeed was humbly believed before Mr. Wells denied it, that the novel is a form of art with its own rules and its own limitations, and that if these be disregarded, you may get something—all sorts of things—but not a novel. Mr. Wells may not know it, but his real business in this life is story-telling. What he is actually doing is trying to find the fulcrum from which, with his little lever, he will move the world.

In his *Clockwork Man*, Mr. E. V. Odle works in the same material as that which Mr. Wells used to fashion

so delightfully: scientific invention extended by the imagination, and suddenly impinging upon ordinary life. It is no easy enterprise; for the author must first of all persuade the reader of the reality of what is in fact unreal; and, when all is done, it is perhaps the delineation of some little piece of nature which remains in memory; as, in *The Clockwork Man*, the episode of the two rustic lovers, admirably observed, is more vivid than even the horrifying human mechanism. Mr. Odle is trying experiments, as a young man should: let him go on and prosper.

Mr. Denis Mackail, if it may be said without disrespect, is also an aspirant. He has the shining merits of grace and humour; and in his *According to Gibson* Mr. Mackail has written another jolly story. A friend in need is worth a thousand, said Dugald Dalgetty; and a truly light-hearted book is worth a thousand melancholy essays in psychological fiction. The bulky Teutonic shadows of Freud and Jung darken the land; and Mr. J. D. Beresford, among others, has been touched by their gloom. His *Love's Pilgrim* is a study in morbid psychology, relieved towards the end by a touch of melodrama.

Mr. Hugh Walpole has also tasted an alien brew; but his fancy is the Muscovite. His novel, *The Cathedral*, is foreign to England. It is wholly Russian in conception and execution, and might be credible were the sacred edifice crowned with onion-shaped cupolas, and the clergymen ministers of the Greek Church. The English cathedral town has not changed much since Anthony Trollope wrote the enduring *Chronicles of Barset*; and a little more Trollope, and a little less Tchekov, would do Mr. Walpole no harm.

In his subtle and exact appreciation of the true English character, delineated with the brave, kindly English humour, Mr. Pett Ridge holds an unique place in letters. His latest book is *The Luncheon Basket. Being Respectable*, by Miss Grace Flandrau, comes from America. It is the complement to Mr. Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*. Mr. Sinclair Lewis depicted the townships of the Middle West, and more disagreeable places it is hardly possible to conceive. It is understood that the Americans of New York and Boston were extremely impressed by *Main Street*. Never having seen the Middle West, it is probable that after having read

Mr. Lewis's book, they never will. Miss Flandrau describes the family circle of the millionaires in the big provincial towns. It is a far from edifying picture. According to Miss Flandrau, these people are overfed, over-monied, under-worked, destitute of moral principles, and yet unable to be really naughty. A singular tragedy.

Let us turn to a work of fine art, done with consummate skill: Mr. Percy Lubbock's *Roman Pictures*. If it has a fault, it is that the title does not quite express the book. People are apt to think it is a literal description. But, in truth, *Roman Pictures* is a series of the most delicate delineations of contemporary character, limned in ironic contrast to the majestic and immemorial splendour of surroundings to which the persons portrayed are totally indifferent. Mr. John Sargent has done some water-colour drawings of Italian scenes, exhibited some years ago at the Royal Academy. There was hardly anything on the paper, and yet all was there: a supreme achievement. Well, *Roman Pictures* is like that. The art of suggestion is carried to its highest point. Some years ago Mr. Lubbock wrote *Earlham*, a retrospect of childhood spent in the old, settled, patriarchal house in Norfolk, set amid immense lawns and sun-warmed walled gardens; in the possession of a notable family, wealthy, charming, sincerely religious, infinitely kindly: a piece of the true England. In that placid and opulent atmosphere the reader is enfolded, and by virtue of the magic of literature, lives again in the past life of others. Mr. Lubbock was a friend of the late Henry James, and a student of the work of that artist. In his *Craft of Fiction* Mr. Lubbock presents an analysis of the methods of the artist in fiction, which is a new thing in criticism; inasmuch as it brings to consciousness and definition principles hitherto but dimly apprehended.

A veteran among critics, William Paton Ker, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, has lately passed away. Of immense learning, high critical faculty, and infallible common sense, Professor Ker's work is of inestimable value in enriching and maintaining the great tradition of English letters. Published shortly after his death, Professor Ker's *Art of Poetry*, containing his Oxford lectures, is a masterpiece of lucid and scholarly criticism.

Of another accomplished man of letters the public have recently been reminded by the issue of *The Poetical Works*

of Andrew Lang, the collection of the graceful and often beautiful verse of a writer whose versatility and power of swift execution were astonishing. Lang was a wonderful craftsman: historian, folk-lorist, essayist, critic and poet; without being supreme in any one branch of literature, he adorned them all alike with wit and scholarship and charm.

Every decade has its discoveries. Some forgotten author, disregarded in his lifetime, suddenly emerges; and people marvel that he is not renowned. Not long since, the poems of Louise Imogen Quiney were republished in a collected edition. Miss Quiney had a rare perception of the past, and her spirit dwelt in the sixteenth century. It is a strange gift, the power of looking into the past; and one day psychologists will tell us that it is, not fantasy but, real vision.

Among books about the Great War, Mr. Kipling's *History of the Irish Guards* stands by itself as a living chronicle of men and deeds, written by one who ranks among the greatest artists in letters. Official histories are dead things; but Mr. Kipling's work will endure as a classic.

If Mr. Kipling delineates the men who did the work, Admiral M. W. P. Consett, in his *Triumph of Unarmed Forces*, depicts the men at home who undid the work of the seamen and the soldiers, secretly supplying the enemy with food and munitions to enable him to continue the war for three years after he could have been starved into submission. A more terrible indictment has seldom been presented; and it is unanswered and unanswerable.

At the same time, appear such glib self-justifications as Mr. Churchill's *World Crisis*, which has already been reviewed in these columns. Mr. Asquith, it seems, is also preparing his account of the war. There seems no particular reason why these personal chronicles—these *apologia*—should not continue to appear for an indefinite period. No Minister seems too proud to write.

Nevertheless, relief may always be sought and found in literature; and so let this brief survey end with a word of gratitude to Mrs. C. Fox Smith for her *Sailor Town Days*. There are two Englands; and one is of the sea; and Mrs. Fox Smith knows the heart of it.

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Books.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

ADAM AND EVE. By H. DENNIS BRADLEY. Werner Laurie, Ltd. 2*s.* net.

MR. DENNIS BRADLEY is rapidly becoming a danger to the professional critic, journalist, and author, for not only is he psychic, he is psychological with a horrible facility for saying what he thinks, which to-day is the Tipperary of new Fleet Street. It really seems a thousand pities some paper does not appoint him dramatic critic after his incisive flutter on the " poverty " of British drama. He revolves, with butterfly radiance. round clothes, women, and the stage, and sometimes appears atrociously young, at others weirdly old. Yet never old-fashioned, for clearly life is a vivid thing to this Irishman (another literary Irishman), and nothing bores him more than senility. Fig-leaves and beastly are his favourite words, which perhaps explains why

his remarks on women are wise and philosophic. Both his dream and the card story are excellent, just touched off at the right length. A book like that would be good reading. Mr. Bradley is certainly a bit of a puzzle. He tailors as a financier; he writes merely to amuse himself. He now dresses us down as well as up. I, too, had a dream. It was that Bradley became editor of *The Daily Mail*. Perhaps he will, for he knows something about economics as well as advertising.

THE GLEAM. By SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E. London: John Murray, 1923. Pp. xviii to 298. 12*s*. net.

"THE feeling of the Divine is justified . . .; yet not all opinions based on it are justifiable," writes Varisco in *I massimi problema*. And that, in the main, is the theme of this remarkable book. In its central record of a unique spiritual pilgrimage, one Nija Svabhava stands forth, a modern Jokanaan from the hinterland of the Himalayas, proclaiming himself "to awakened earth the trumpet of a prophecy" and the herald of a "New Dispensation." Like many of his fellow Asiatics, Svabhava has had a genius for religion. But he is a philosopher rather than a proselytizer; and in this, as in other respects, he differs from Mirza Ali Mohamed, Rama Krishna, and Keshub Chunder Sen, whose religious biographies are also set forth in the present work.

Religion, like mysticism, is born of the East. But both may be modified by Western thought; and this has been the case with Svabhava. His knowledge of European philosophy has everywhere influenced his spiritual growth. And if a too eclectic acquaintance has not always made for coherence, it has broadened his outlook and enriched his belief. His development may at times seem bewildering, but it is nevertheless continuous; and he has steadily followed his "Gleam." We pass from a modified Spinozism, in the days of his orthodoxy, to a monadology that suggests Leibniz and (in part) McTaggart, but owes most to James Ward. Yet this is not the final stage. Perhaps the most remarkable change in Svabhava's views has been due to Professor Alexander's brilliant doctrine of *Deity* in his recent Gifford Lectures. It is a position modelled on these original lines that Svabhava now holds.

This is not the place, unfortunately, for a discussion of the perennial problems raised afresh in this fascinating volume. Svabhava's theory of a "World Consciousness," conceived in general as a "corporate personality," seems to rest on a doubtful analogy and to betray the weaknesses of its anthropomorphism. And there is another difficulty which he seems to share with Alexander. In spite of their protests the tincture of pantheism persists, and the Spinozistic dilemma remains on our hands. Or, if the view can still claim to be theistic it is, at any rate, a very attenuated theism!

But difficulties are not defects, and the merits of this work are unquestionable. Sir F. Younghusband has written a vivid and stimulating book, a book that demands and deserves earnest reflection. He has enriched the literature of mysticism with a striking narrative, told with exceptional charm and grace. It is the fragrant garner of a cultured mind.

W. H. O'N. M.

BOOKS

FICTION.

THE MAN ON THE HILL. By ANTHONY WHARTON. Fisher Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.*

WHEN you look up from your book to listen for guns and the noise of tumult in the streets, you realise that the strings of the puppets are being worked by a master hand to thrill you with this quasi actuality. Mr. Wharton brings the sleeping volcano of social hatred and envy into disastrous activity with such consummate credibility, such comprehension of all the base ambitions and discontents of the half educated, and with such picturesque perfection of artistry, that one begins to hold one's breath lest a jar should bring it all true. Centred in Thomson and his charming young wife, in their prosperous new home on the borders of Salisbury Plain, one only gets the secondary movements of this upheaval, a microcosm of the prodigious and well-organised general flare up, but this limitation to the individual point of view adds to the reality of the story, and brings the man on the hill—a lone wolf strong in his disillusioned egotism—into due prominence. This character, Raeburn, with his lingering decencies at war with an intellectual contempt for rules, is done with extraordinary force, all the greater by contrast with the futilities of social jealousies, up-to-date conventions, and windy tyrants of the hour. Capstick, the self-appointed president of the local Committee of Safety, is an equally well-done figure, but Mr. Wharton shows his greatest art in making one love the unheroic and pliant Thomson, in spite of his civilised pusillanimities. It is a long time since a story so vividly alive has appeared; stunning in its easy completeness of panorama, and vitalised by its relation to existing conditions—a truly remarkable book.

HISTORY.

THE TRAGEDY OF CENTRAL EUROPE. By ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. Thornton Butterworth. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

IN an interesting tome this very experienced traveller and chronicler gives a vivid impression of Central Europe in course of its decapitation. Part of the book is fairly old now, dealing with Vienna and the Bela Kuhn Communist rising in Buda-Pest, in the suppression of which Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett seems to have been actively engaged. The author has not the judicial mind, and sums up for or against with vehemence which detracts somewhat from his judgments, yet on the whole his pronounced opinions tally with nearly all other opinions as to the brutal stupidity, the almost incredible ignorance of the new map. What he says about Hungary is absolutely true. No people were ever more ruthlessly truncated and few peoples deserved it less. Hungary's crime was to be on the losing side. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett sees only one solution to the ghastly business, from which conclusion hardly a man in Europe would dissent. All interested should have a dip into this sparkling record.

SOCIAL.

ENEMIES OF LIBERTY. By E. S. P. HAYNES. Grant Richards. 6*s.*

THE Collectivist, the Communist, the Prohibitionist, the Prude, the War Lord, the Super-Capitalist, and the Politician are included in Mr.

Haynes' *index expurgatorius*, and he has some trenchant and amusing things to say about all of them. We all want all the liberty we can get, so Mr. Haynes on his watch tower is performing a useful public duty in pointing out the subtle eroding forces at work in the world to-day; a duty made pleasant by his lucid and witty presentation. A good many of his points are highly contentious, and are being constantly and fiercely argued, but with the main premiss—that liberty is a precious possession to be guarded by constant vigilance—most people, especially English folks, will agree. There is a natural sympathy in us all with Punch's Cabby, in blue ribbon time, who wore a bit of yellow to indicate that "I eats what I likes and I drinks what I likes, and I don't give a dam for nobody," and there are never-failing faddists and interested persons who influence the regulators of our social system unduly, gradually, and inconspicuously. It is against these silent, unnoticed rules and regulations, and the rabbit-like tendency of the crowd to be regulated, exploited, and generally dragooned, that Mr. Haynes directs his most useful chapters. Publicity and the light of day are the remedies for most of these things; the sturdy British spirit will do the rest. More power, Mr. Haynes, to your elbow.

Correspondence

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your article "Ministers *v.* People" and to Admiral Consett's book, may I suggest that the Board of Trade was just as undeniably and immovably "the friend, ally, and indispensable assistant of Germany" as the Foreign Office under Sir Edward Grey, and that its administration should come under the same indictment. The "unseen hand," the sinister influence of the *entrepôt* international free traders was also unmistakably felt at the Colonial Office. I travelled in many parts of the world, especially South America, from 1915 to 1918, and saw the deplorable results of that influence. Some of the facts are given in my book, *Man, Manners, and Morals in South America* (pp. 97-98), and in *The Times History of the War*, China number, where I showed the effects of our solicitude for the maintenance of German interests in the Crown Colony of Hongkong.

My purpose in writing you is to suggest that if there should ever be an enquiry into the policy of the Foreign Office it should be extended to the Board of Trade. The offence of our free-trading politicians and bureaucrats was not only that they provided Germany with the means of continuing the war, but that they prevented our traders from seizing many opportunities of ousting German commerce in the chief neutral markets. That is a point which should appeal to our manufacturers and industrialists, and help them to realise the danger of our semi-Teutonic "middlemen."

Yours truly,

J. O. P. BLAND.

Thatched House Club, S.W.

August 13th, 1923.

CORRESPONDENCE

Politics and the Public Schools

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In the August number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW Dr. Alington has replied to some of the points raised in my article which appeared in the June number.

I am afraid that I do not find Dr. Alington's replies very convincing. He begins by admitting that the average British citizen is lamentably ignorant of politics, and a very poor speaker, but says it is an " erroneous assumption " that the public schools ought to provide the remedy. As " the severity of the disease is undeniable," it might have been expected that he would suggest an alternative remedy, but this he fails to do. If instruction in these subjects is desirable, as Dr. Alington seems to admit, where else could it be given? Boys at the preparatory schools are too young. Many boys do not go on to the Universities, and of those who do many do so merely in order to specialise in professional subjects.

The most important part of a boy's general education should be, and as a rule is, imparted at a public school, and should, I maintain, include instruction in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

Leaving the South Pole on one side, I next come to Dr. Alington's statement that " there are at all schools a number of boys who are keenly interested in intellectual subjects, and a larger number who are not; to introduce a new subject is often to widen the range of interest of those who are already keen, and to have no effect whatever on the ordinary boy." My answer is, that it would seem to be a praiseworthy object to arouse in the minds of the intellectual an interest in these important subjects, while if new subjects have no effect on the ordinary boy, one wonders what effect the old subjects have.

Dr. Alington then says that " the other mistake underlying Lord Raglan's article is still more fundamental and still more common: it is that schools are conservative institutions and that this fact is the main obstacle to any change. No doubt many schoolmasters are stupid. . ." The fact is that every schoolmaster starts his career with a stock-in-trade consisting as a rule of those subjects in which he has taken honours at a University. If any one of these subjects is dropped out of the curriculum his stock-in-trade is correspondingly diminished, and so he naturally tends to conservatism. No question of stupidity arises. On the contrary, the workman who is the most clever and skilful with his tools is the one who most strenuously opposes the introduction of improved machinery. This tendency is so well known that I am surprised that Dr. Alington should question it.

Now as to the teaching of public speaking. Dr. Alington assumes that I know nothing of school debating societies. I can assure him that I well remember the dreariness of my own house debates, and the feebleness of my contributions to them. The subjects were as a rule ill chosen, and there was very little in the way of helpful criticism. Some housemasters do make a success of their debating societies, but their efforts in this direction are regarded as outside their regular duties, and they

receive little or no encouragement from the higher authorities. What I venture to suggest is that debates, either in the house or the class, should form a regular part of the school curriculum. Dr. Alington, I think, overrates the difficulty of finding suitable subjects. I could suggest several of the questions now before Parliament, such as the taxation of betting, the sale of drink to persons under eighteen, and the protection of wild birds. I should not dream of suggesting that boys "should be encouraged to make moving speeches on themes of which they are fundamentally ignorant."

Now as to the teaching of politics. I am well aware that numerous books have been written on foreign constitutions, and that some of these are studied by specialists. My complaint was that they are not suited to form part of the general curriculum of every public school. Dr. Alington appears to consider that "civics," etc., are minor branches of the science of history; subjects, that is to say, for specialists in their spare moments. I can only say that I disagree with him.

Dr. Alington states that the teaching of history has been revolutionised during the last twenty years. As an example he takes the Wars of the Roses, which I suggested afforded no useful lessons. He says that now I "will find that attention is concentrated . . . on the permanent danger of class selfishness which it reveals, and on the fact that in that century (as in some others in our history) the aristocracy cared more for themselves than for the country which they aspired to lead." In other words, the valuable lesson which Dr. Alington wishes to teach is that this country's troubles have always been due to those wicked Peers! I must admit that I was never taught this, but cannot admit that I should wish to see it taught, as it is fundamentally untrue. Of individual selfishness there is, and always has been, too much, but of class selfishness this country has always been singularly free. Much of our earlier history deals with the unsuccessful attempts of the clergy to constitute themselves a privileged class, but the aristocracy were never, as on the Continent, a class apart.

Dr. Alington says that "it is safe to say that no schoolmaster would write about the present-day methods of the House of Lords with so inadequate an equipment" (as mine to write about schoolmasters). I am reminded of the conversation between the Professor and the Divinity Student in Holmes's *Professor at the Breakfast Table*. The latter said that persons who had not made a professional study of theology were not competent to speak on such subjects. "Suppose a minister were to undertake to express an opinion on medical subjects, for instance, would you not think he was going beyond his province?" The Professor replied that if a minister had attended lectures, read books, and seen medicine practised for thirty or forty years, he would think that, if a person of average understanding, he was entitled to express an opinion on the subject, or else his instructors were a set of ignorant and incompetent charlatans.

I cannot pretend to the experience of the Professor, but I can assure Dr. Alington that if he had studied the procedure of the House of Lords for half as long as I studied the system of education at Eton, I should be prepared to acknowledge him as an expert.

It is true that certain minor changes have been made, but from all I can learn from present Etonians there have been no material alterations in the system of teaching or anything else since I was there.

Dr. Alington concludes by finding fault with my phrase, "the schoolmaster or his employers." Surely if I pay a man to educate my son I employ him. It is this tendency of public schoolmasters to arrogate to themselves a sacrosanct character above that of all other professional men which makes it so difficult to bring the public schools into line with the ideas and requirements of the day.

Yours faithfully, RAGLAN.

The Humane Slaughter of Animals

SIR,—There has of late been an enormous amount of controversy on this subject; there has also been an enormous amount of opposition to the humane method of killing animals. Why, I cannot understand, unless it be that there is a certain class who are at all times antagonistic to any reform, their chief aim being opposition. I have been present at one or two meetings, and have noted the arguments used against the humane slaughtering of animals: the arguments in the majority of cases were really not truthful, and I have been surprised to find how easily people have been gulled into believing such misstatements. It is indeed surprising that we have allowed our animals to be slaughtered in such a barbaric way for so long. I am chiefly a pig farmer, and it is of this side of farming that I can best write. There is horror to me, as there must be to most people who think, in seeing, as I have so often seen, a knife stuck into a pig's neck and the animal allowed to walk about until it bleeds to death. Likewise, with the poleaxing of bullocks, it is really cruel to find in a number of instances that the operator misses the vital spot, having horribly bruised the animal, only to have again another attempt. At a large meeting held at Westminster, one of the chief speakers against humane slaughtering mentioned that the blood of the animals so slaughtered was different from that of the animal slaughtered in the barbaric way of "sticking." Such statements I could not possibly allow to go unchallenged, as really these are the kind of pronouncements which are made by those opposing humane slaughtering. We are constantly informed that the meat of the animal which is humanely slaughtered is partly ruined for human consumption. In my experience (and I suppose I kill more pigs than most other farmers in England, some 1,500 to 2,000 per year) I have never found that the meat from any of my animals has not kept as well as that of those slaughtered by the old-fashioned method. My animals have bled equally well when humanely killed, and my pork and sausages are eaten in the best hotels in London, as well as on the best American liners, proving that the meat is of exceptional quality.

Another statement made by those not in favour of humane slaughtering, is that there is great danger with the bullet. This is

undoubtedly not true, any more than that a poleaxe is a great danger, or a knife, in the hands of a fool. I have seen a large number of accidents, and cuts, due to knives used in slaughter-houses. One might easily say that a knife or a shot gun should never be used because it is dangerous, and I cannot possibly see, unless you put the gun in the hands of a fool, why there should be the least risk in using a humane killer; in fact, I personally think there is much less risk than in the use of a knife or a poleaxe. I have carefully examined the carcases of at least 1,000 pigs humanely slaughtered: I have examined them as a pathologist, and I have examined them as a butcher, yet for the life of me I have been unable to find any difference in the bleeding of the animal killed, one way or the other, and indeed it is high time that such opposition as has been offered against humane killing should be put an end to. One hears a good deal to the effect that the animal does not feel pain when it has its throat cut; yet the real process of killing a pig does not consist in dividing its carotid arteries, but in puncturing the heart or the aorta, and the animal suffers from pain until it bleeds sufficiently to become unconscious, which of course takes time. I have so often seen, in the old days, pigs allowed to walk about the slaughter-house, bleeding until the poor animal drops: a horrible sight in these days of education and civilisation.

Although I slaughter some 1,500 pigs a year, I have never had a single complaint that any single animal has not properly bled, or that its carcase has in any way been defective. This is saying a good deal, as my managers are drawn from the butchering trade, which is up in arms against humane slaughtering. Nor have I had a complaint from a single customer that my meat has not been all that could be desired, and yet all my animals are made unconscious immediately before they are bled, and I have no reason whatsoever to believe that the carcases are not as good and will not keep as well as when killed in the old-fashioned cruel method.

Yours, etc.,

M. J. ROWLANDS, M.D.

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Correspondence on the Panel System, which has been unavoidably crowded out, will be published in our next issue.—ED.

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